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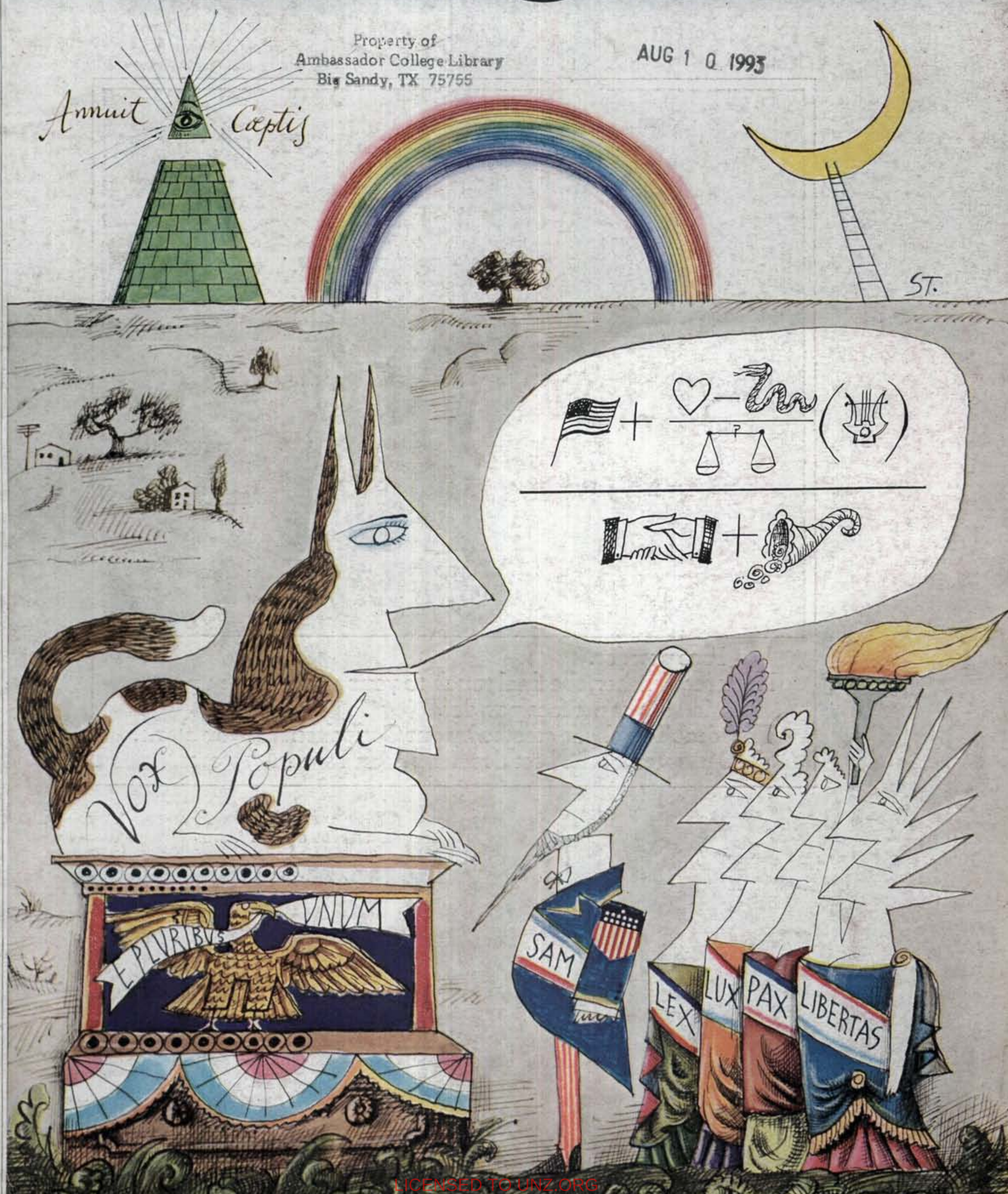
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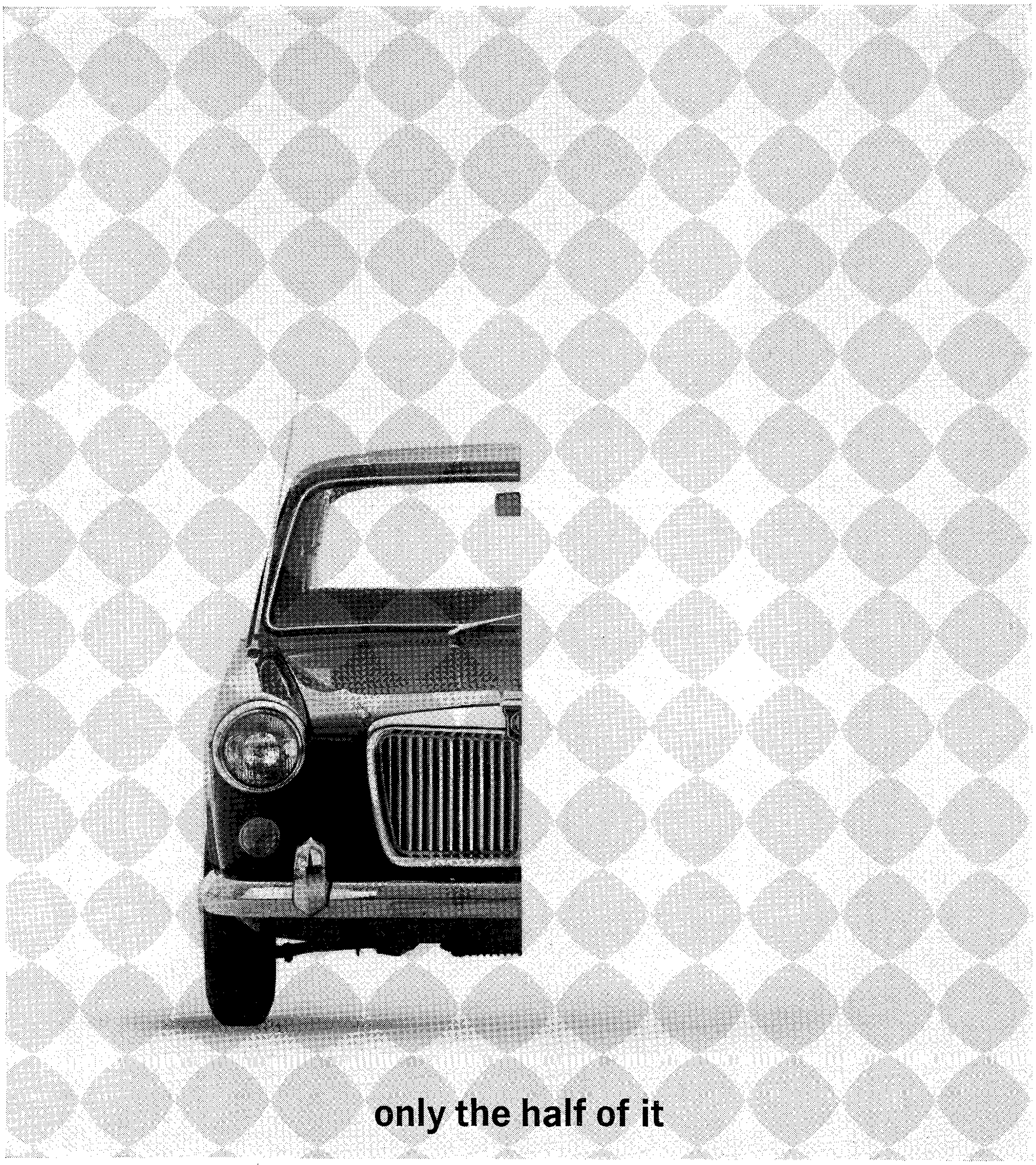

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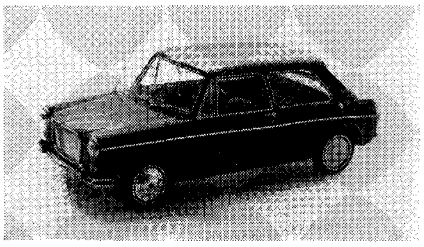

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—A bad time for one and all, which involves, incoherently, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan. The last is also the author. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Robert Redford gives a good account of himself in one of the central roles and the direction, by Mike Nichols, is very apt. Penny Fuller, Ruth White, and Sandor Szabo are temporarily substituting in the other principal parts. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A rambling discussion about the differences that exist between blacks and whites who are trying, with no success whatever, to live together in the Southern area of the United States. Written by James Baldwin, the drama has several splendid performances, and fine direction by Burgess Meredith. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Richard Burton is muscular and authoritatively articulate as the Prince of Denmark in this production directed by John Gielgud, and Hume Cronyn is superb as that tedious old character Polonius. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh also participate. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. There are only three of them on view, but that is more than enough. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—An uneven but nevertheless entertaining interpretation of Chekhov's description of upper-class life in the Russian provinces at the turn of the century. Directed by Lee Strasberg, this is the best effort the Actors Studio Theatre has made this season. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

vander poel

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Long Runs—**MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman's dismay at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are splendid in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, makes one pine for George S. Kaufman, and the music, by Jule Styne, makes one not pine to go dancing in the streets. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and there are some splashy musical numbers staged by the late Carol Haney. Kay Medford, Danny Meehan, and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie having a frisky time in a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes (who will be replaced for the week starting Monday, July 6, by Iva Withers), Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Dick Shawn, Lee Goodman, and assorted cuties. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HERE'S LOVE:** Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. With Georgia Brown and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"But for Whom Charlie," S. N. Behrman's seriocomic drama about a noble philanthropist who employs a very tricky character to help him operate a foundation aimed at improving the lot of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

literary types, is certainly not top-drawer Behrman, but it has one large redeeming feature—David Wayne in the role of a sprightly seventy-year-old author full of iconoclastic opinions. Final performance Thursday, July 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. Performances Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 2, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The King and I," with Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin, will be the initial production by this company, of which Richard Rodgers is producing director. Opens Monday, July 6, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home Movies—This dishevelled, irreverent musical is not for the touchy or tender-skinned, but it has its comic moments all the same. Many of them are provided by Sudie Bond in the role of a nutty teen-ager. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

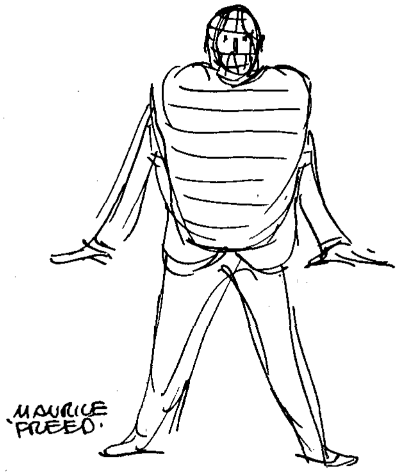
The World of Kurt Weill in Song—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Anna Russell—In a solo revue, "All by Myself." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Hamlet," with Robert Burr, Julie Harris, and Howard Da Silva, will be given through Saturday, July 4. . . . ¶ "Othello," with James Earl Jones, will be the second in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, July 8, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 1. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8.)



Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Frank Fontaine, a great one for talking about character-building, sets up amusing examples of his work on the stage of the Royal Box at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The floral tributes that adorn the walls of the restaurant come from Never-Never Land, but the music is no-kidding. George Anaya's little band, which makes it, is Latin and American. It does menu music from eight to ten and prancing music from then until one, not to mention Sunday matinées from one to three. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An archaeological museum wherein visitors from other nations can study the artifacts left behind by a vanished civilization. Shards of dance music are dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—If this really is Life on the Mississippi, it is not a bad way to live, especially for anyone fond of gilt and plush. On the veranda deck, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers play in-memoriam and up-to-the-minute music for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

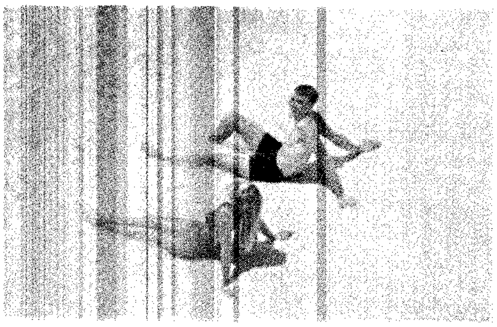
New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a nice try at doing what the Romans do, improves its own effective scenery with I Cavalieri di Roma, a seven-man dance band (nearly all strings), which in turn improves its music with the all-for-love chanting of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday is the gamut.

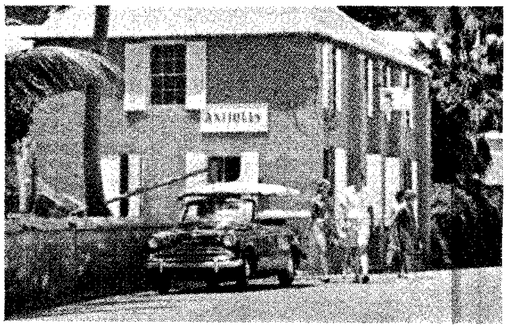
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room resumes its career on Monday, July 6, by making a truly sporting gesture—Monique Van Vooren, a bit of Belgian bedazzlement who regards the words and music she declaims with a delightful air of detachment. She will appear at ten Mondays through Fridays and at nine and midnight on Saturdays; Milt Shaw's big band and Mark Monte's gadflies will be around all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Once again, this top of the world is in the pink—the late Joseph Urban's pet decorative hue. Under the heaven he erected, Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's Latins make merry music. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The spirit of the Cairo Shepheard's back in the days of Empire lives on seven nights a week, to incessant but jovial dance music (part machine-made, part man-made) that begins at eight. Some of the décor is Peter Larkin's merry Egyptology (he's put Mona Lisa smiles on all his Sphinxes); the rest is the





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audience, which has put best bibs and best tuckers on itself.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 3-5.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The perils of Pauline as Puccini saw them take place (by virtue of a minute opera company) bare inches from your dinner or supper table but the results are more romantic than anything else. The baton man for the singers is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Saturday, Mr. B. expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays.... **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short is the life of the party that starts at ten-thirty and centers on his piano, songs, and trio. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements's piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4.... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fridays and Saturdays, Mabel Mercer is again giving the world's very best arias the benefit of her years of experience. Sam Hamilton, it must go without saying, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4. ... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Forrest Perrin contributes judiciously jovial piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic Roman violinists and a triad of guitarists.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays; closed Saturday, July 4.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio. No music Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, in the bar of which there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Sunday.... **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. A piano starts soliloquizing at five, and Joe Candullo's dance trio starts at nine-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio gets to work at nine every night.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast are the tiny ones stirred up by the piano of George Feyer. His tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dim are the lights, dark is the panelling, and dark are the Russian eyes that Marina Fedorovskaya, the clear-as-a-bell and unmannered innkeeper, sings of between seven-thirty and two. The air is Russian (Imperial), too; so are the ruminative piano and violin; so is the chef. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, and your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays.... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): The piano, which (manned by two operators) goes quietly about its business from five-thirty to three, never tries to rewrite the nation's songs—rather a novelty these nights. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The wickedest woman in all Paris of the Jane Avril era is played and sung by Rita Dimitri, the proprietor of this café, with all the pertinent nuances and implications. She appears at dinner, and on Fridays and Saturdays at supper, too. There's music the rest of the time, some of it, by Kurt Maier's trio, for dancing. Closed Sundays.... **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten every evening but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Young womanhood in her crowning glory and in not very much else. The current occasion of her appearance is "Diamond Fair," a huge and sumptuous enterprise comprised of light, color, movement, mummery, flummery, and cheer. Chaz Chase, a wholly admirable dumb-show artist, and an Argentine ballet make their varying contributions to the extravaganza. Dancing for the guests is also permissible.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): No youth has more of a fling than Trini Lopez, all shiny in his newness, as he sings ever so fervently about folkways that may be only figments of the imagination. He finishes up on Saturday, July 4. The room will be dark Sunday through Wednesday, July 5-8, and will reopen next evening, with Count Basie's band.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Not every prospect pleases the authors of "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, which has an unkind and well-rhymed word for everything that stands in the way of communal happiness. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Richard Blair. The band is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. Exhibitions at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," seventh in the line of revues constructed by the Second City company of players, is mostly concerned with the remaining vestiges of life on Manhattan Island. A lot of its fascination is the unexpectedness of nearly all its turns of events, like O. Henry in a new vernacular. Bob Dishy, Avery Schreiber, and Mina Kolb, well remembered from earlier affairs here, are again on hand; Jack Burns is an exceptional newcomer, and Dick Schaal a pretty damn good one. Severn Darden, one of the cleverest of all revue players, may on occasion also be observed, as his mood impels him. Tom O'Horgan's score, harp, piano, and voice are the contributory music. An added attraction is Irwin Corey, author of some of our best extemporaneous editorials on the state of show business, the nation, and (last but never least) himself; he will be replaced on Tuesday, July 7, by Larry Adler, who can turn his harmonica into a small orchestra. Proceedings commence at eight-thirty; closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): For Spain, the forecast is sunny and warmer whenever the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

España enter the back room. Their words are put into flamenco action by the feet of Isabella and Miguel. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Mort Sahl, a Presidential candidate apt to garner no delegates but quite a lot of wry laughter, is currently on the soap box. He will take his leave after Monday, July 6. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): It is not easy to reap the whirlwind set up by the voice of Felicia Sanders, which flourishes on its worthy ballads. Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn, the two piano men, are as good as we are ever likely to get anywhere. On Tuesday, July 7, a new cast: Danny Meehan, who converts all his songs into one-act plays; Isobel Robins, that sunny troupial; Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, whose barbed skits indicate that domesticity is the handmaiden of the Devil; and the Three Flames, who can cheerfully test music to destruction. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Morath, who remembers Tin Pan Alley when it was wooing K-k-k-katy, plays piano and sings in the rinky-dink fashion that was then the ultimate. He and his quartet are noisy but funny about the whole thing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Along with plenty of this and that, there is the quartet of Nina Simone, a philologist who specializes in indirect discourse, a form of communication to which her lyrics and her way of delivering them are ideally adapted. On Tuesday, July 7, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet takes over. Mondays are outsiders' nights. . . . **STROLLERS CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Marian McPartland's trio (all things progressive in moderation) is in session from eight until two, sometimes combined with Jimmy McPartland's threesome, which makes for a real old-school tie-in. They are supplanted at midnight (except Wednesdays) by Juan Serrano's Andalusian guitar. John Bunch offers up-to-date and complex piano recitations in the very Piccadilly bar from seven until closing. A rather British dinner and supper menu is part of the accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Dukes of Dixieland (souped-up corn pone) and Red Allen's quartet (donner und blitzen) set to in the middle of the evening. Earlier on, there is rant-and-roll cacophony by lesser groups. On Monday, July 6, the Dukes and the Allens will be succeeded by a week-long jazz festival that will feature Bud Freeman, Ben Webster, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, Marty Napoleon, and others. Additionally, Louis Armstrong's band will appear for one night only on Tuesday, July 7. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Miles Davis's band is augmented by the Maestro's plaintive horn when he and the wind are blowing in the right direction. Terry Gibbs, his excitable quartet, and Ernestine Anderson, a brittle little firebird singer, are here, too. Catch-as-catch-can sessions starting Monday, July 6, and then Cannonball Adderley on Thursday, July 9. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rotation-of-crops system that prevails here removes Wes Montgomery's trio on Thursday, July 2, so that Roy Haynes' quartet can move in next evening. On Friday, July 10, John Coltrane's quartet succeeds the Haynes group. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): One is never quite sure what Charlie Mingus expects of himself and his co-workers, but enough of it comes through to make one sit up late and take notice. His sextet is in action every night but Monday. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Bert Bahlander with befitting enthusiasm. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair-midway is the point of view. Harold Quinn's duo and Peppi Morreale's trio take turns on the stand. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits the supreme Mary Lou Williams, an intense, devout, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton are his lively aides. No music Sundays. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Here folk music is rather too much in the public domain, but Anita Sheer's flamenco colloquies with her faithful guitar belong in a little private duchy of her own. Her last night is Sunday, July 5. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another easy-life brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris's band, which involves Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell, plays many a restorative measure on behalf of the *ancien régime* in music. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

FRANCISCO FARRERAS—Abstract collages by a Spanish artist, through July 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—A selection of modern works, from Rodin to Calder; through July 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—The second annual summer show by more than fifty member galleries. It consists of over a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics, ranging in style from the Eight and the School of Paris to pop art. Through Aug. 1. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMEL,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: John Goodyear,

BONWIT TELLER

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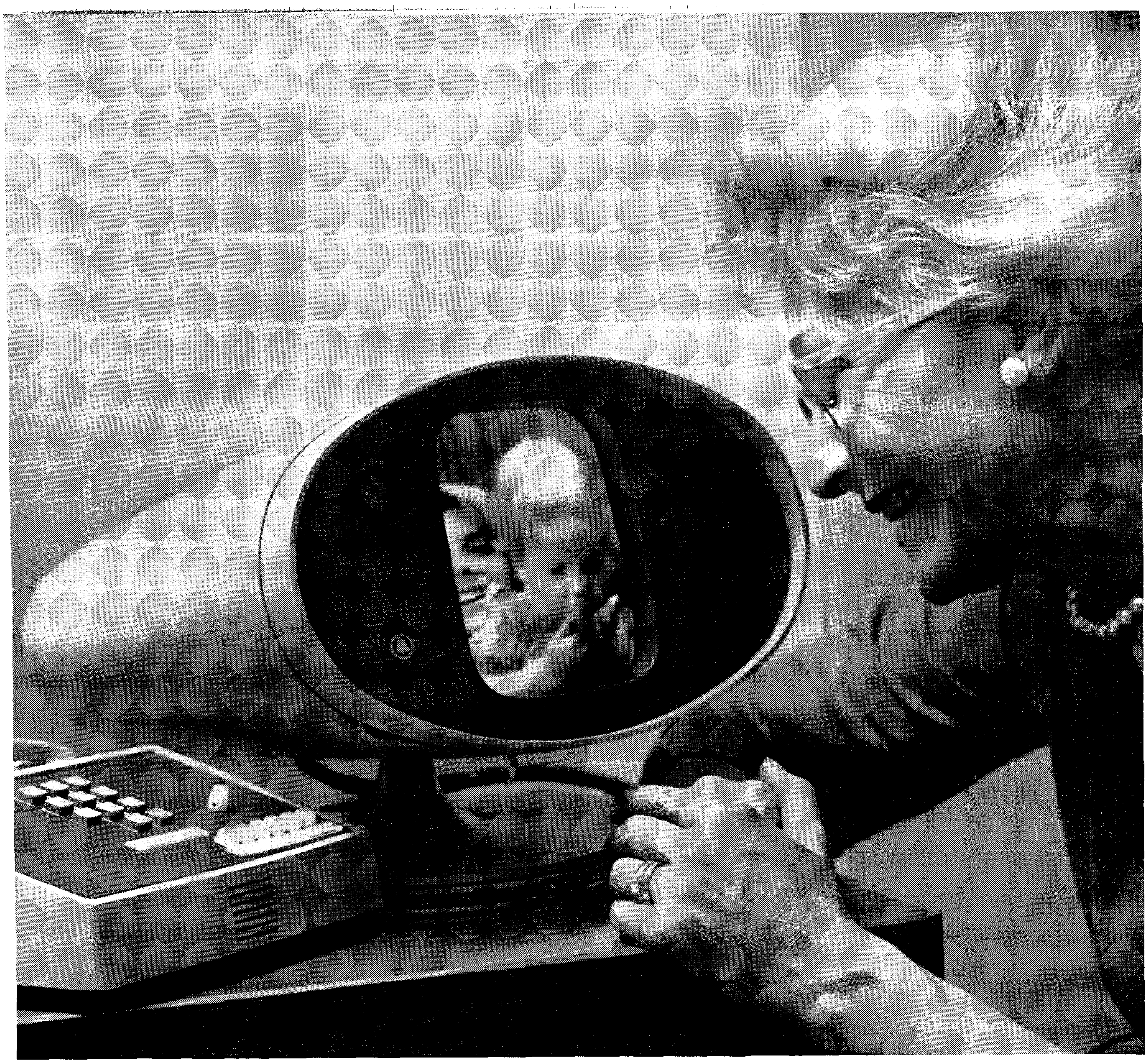

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Minda Hess, Reginald Neal, Helen Soreff, and Paul Zelanski are participating in a show called "The Hard Eye;" through Friday, July 3.... **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Margo Hoff, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, Costantino Nivola, and others; through July 31.... **DE NAGY**, 149 E. 72nd St.: Robert Goodnough, Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, and eight other painters; through July 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Some of the artists in this showing of paintings are Richard Mayhew, Gordon Russell, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through July 24. (Closed Friday, July 3, and Monday, July 6.)... **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by faculty members of the New York Studio School, which will open next September. Among the artists are Philip Guston, Esteban Vicente, and Sidney Geist. Through July 17.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Watercolors, landscapes, and figures by Chen Chi, Henry Gasser, John Pike, and others; through July 31.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century artists as Leonard DeLonga, John Heliker, and John Koch; through Friday, July 3.... **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 18. (Closed Mondays.)... **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, and Jacques Lipchitz; through July 24.... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Singer Sargent, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through July 30. (Closed Friday, July 3.)... **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through July 30.... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Reuben Tam, and others; through July 31. (Closed mornings.)... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed mornings and Friday, July 3.)... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and Paul Serusier (to name a few); through Aug. 31.... **WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES**, 530 W. Broadway: The opening exhibition is made up of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.00.)... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century French masters, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through July 24.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through July 31.... **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies" as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 17. ... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, Cézanne, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair's Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, and Larry Rivers are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "American Painters as Lithographers;" through Sept. 30.... ¶ "The Photographer's Eye," a loan show of some two hundred pictures by, among others, Mathew Brady, Edward Steichen, and Cartier-Bresson; through Aug. 23.... ¶ Eighty drawings from the Museum's collection, by such artists as Seurat, Matisse, and Leonard Baskin, are being shown along with a collection of prints by seventeen artists, including Pierre Bonnard, André Derain, and Ben Shahn. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Cézanne, Renoir, Modigliani, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15.... ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. ... ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Book illustrations, magazine covers, and posters by Maxfield Parrish; through July 26.... ¶ Oils, drawings, and prints by the Barbizon painter Charles François Daubigny; through Aug. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-five Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20.... ¶ Artifacts from and photographs of the excavations of the Philistine City of Ashdod; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

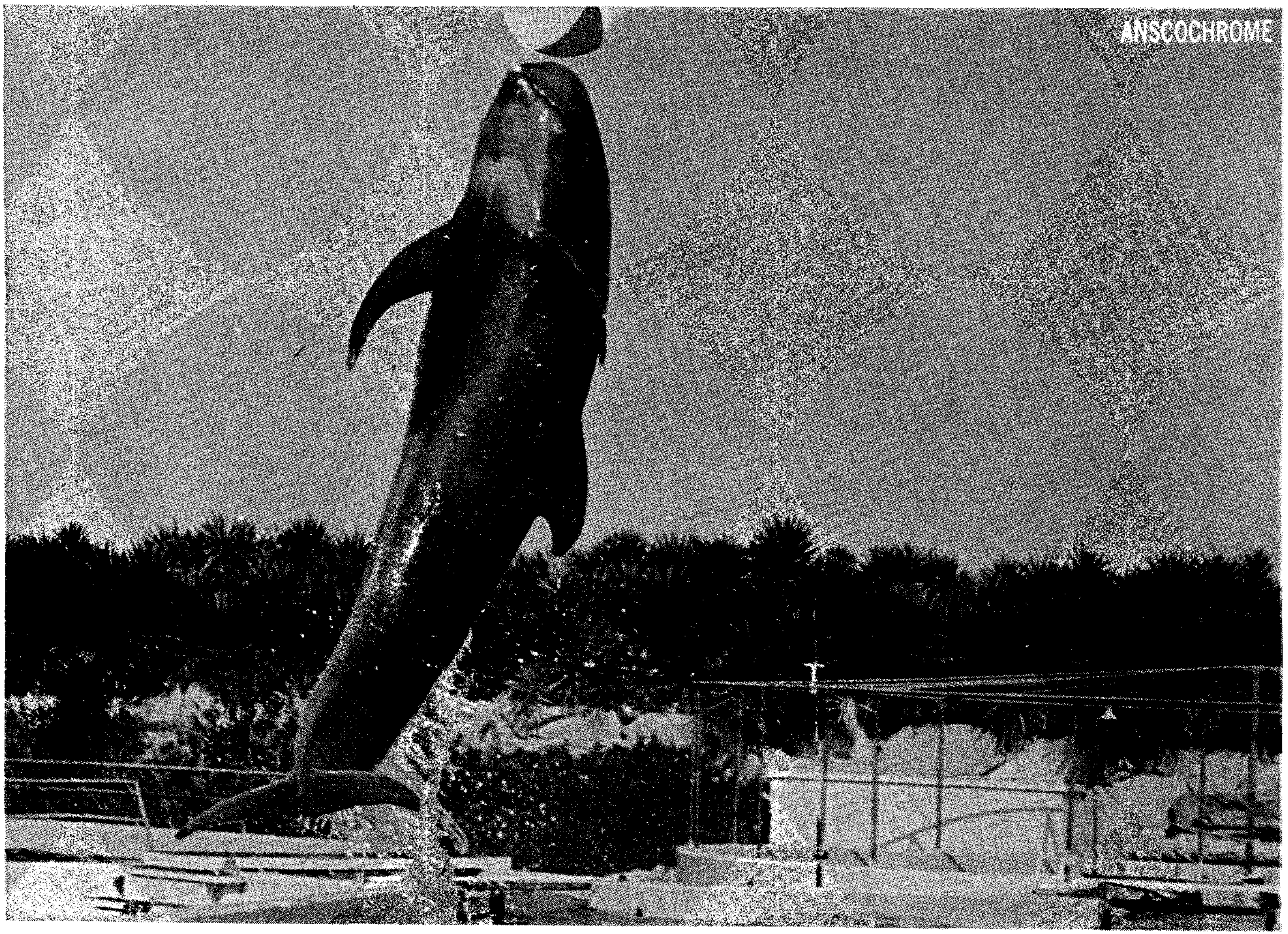
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic

How do you get a whale of a picture?



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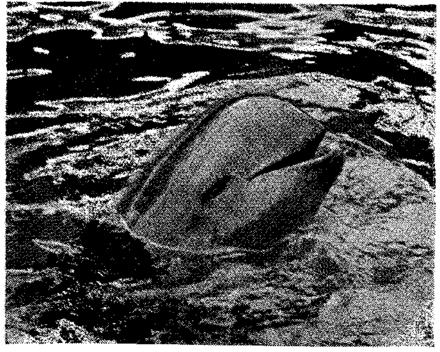

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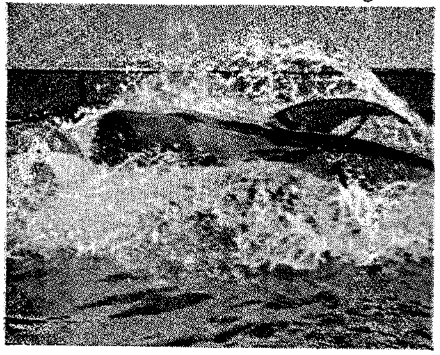

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to name a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, except Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Hans Hofmann, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, except Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

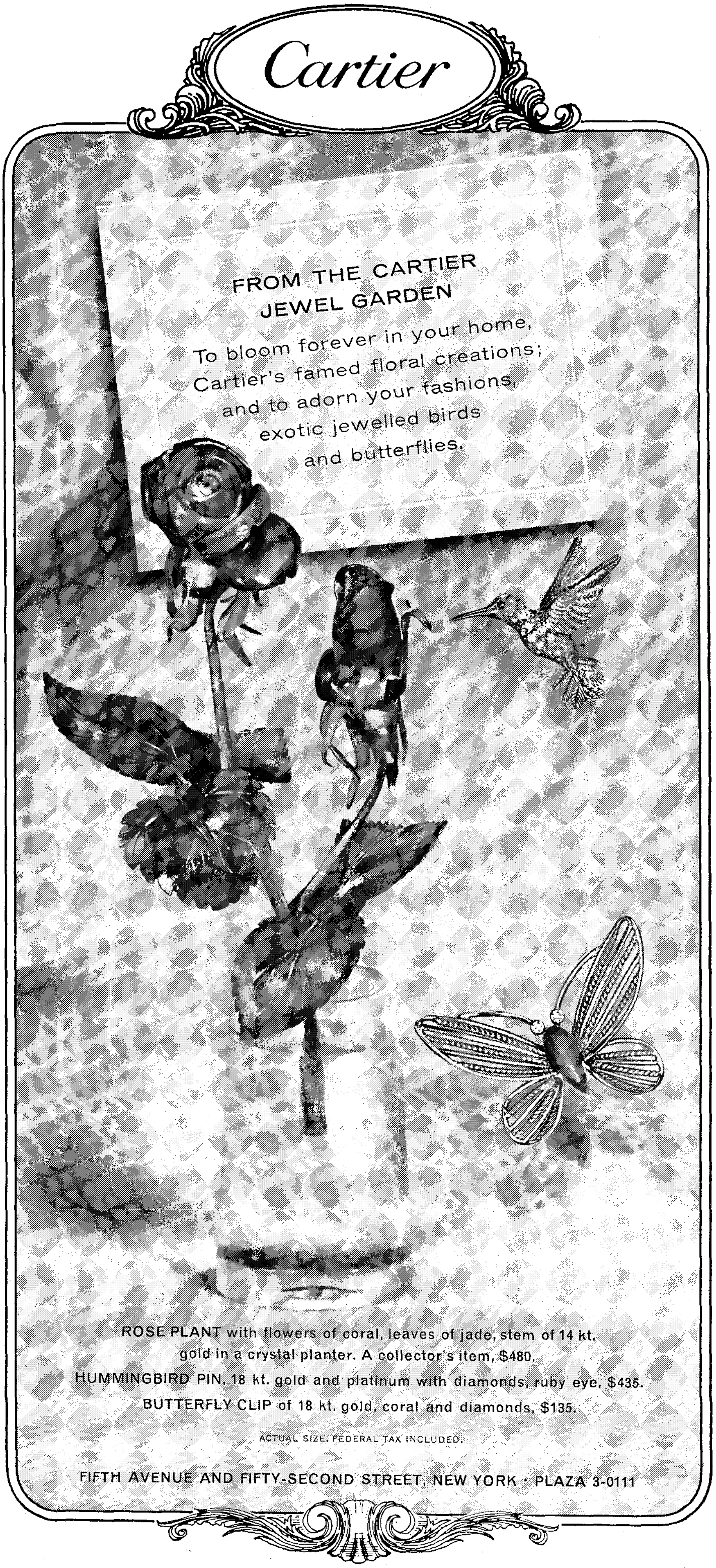
Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 2: Arthur Fiedler conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4: Arthur Fiedler conducting an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 7: Hans Schwieger conducting, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, and Ruggiero Ricci, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 8: Hans Schwieger conducting, with Nathan Stutch, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9: Julius Rudel conducting, with Anna Moffo, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11: Julius Rudel conducting Bizet's opera "Carmen" in concert form, with Joan Gavoorian, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; William Chapman, baritone; and others. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 8. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:07 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Yuri Krasnopolsky conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Zvi Zeitlin, violin, and Zero Mostel, narrator. (Saturday, July 4, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—The first in a series of outdoor concerts, this one by the Booker Ervin quartet. (East Churchyard, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, July 8, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 3, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in an all-Mozart program, with Claudio Arrau, piano, and Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra in another all-Mozart program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Donald Bell, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 7, at 8: A chamber-music concert by Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Ralph Berkowitz, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in an all-Schubert program, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Walter Carringer and Jerold Siena, tenors; Donald Bell, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing a Mozart-Strauss program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Helen Boatwright, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Donald Bell, bass-baritone; Mac Morgan, nar-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rator; and the Tanglewood Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Sunday, July 5, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 3:30, and Sunday, July 12, at 8:30: Pete Seeger. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Thursday, July 2, at 8: "Great Moments in Jazz," with Louis Armstrong's All-Stars, Georg Brunis, Buzzy Drootin, Bud Freeman, Bob Haggart, J.C. Higginbotham, Edmond Hall, Jo Jones, Lou McGarity, Max Kaminsky, Muggsy Spanier, Wingy Manone, George Wettling, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 1:45: "New Faces," with Ethel Ennis, Rod Levitt's orchestra, Freddie Hubbard's quintet, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8: Count Basie's orchestra, Mose Allison, Chet Baker, Stan Getz's quartet, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Joe Williams, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 2: "Piano Workshop," with Billy Taylor (narrator), Dave Brubeck, Thelonious Monk, Willie the Lion Smith, Toshiko Mariano, Joe Sullivan, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8: "Tribute to Charlie Parker," with Father O'Connor (narrator), Dave Brubeck's quartet, Paul Desmond, J.J. Johnson's quartet, Sonny Stitt, Howard McGhee, Abbey Lincoln, Gloria Lynne, Max Roach's quartet, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 5:45: Oscar Brown, Jr., Buck Clayton, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Slam Stewart, Ben Webster, Sarah Vaughan, Jimmy Smith's trio, and others. (Freebody Park. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 4: Maria Tallchief with Oleg Briansky and soloists of the New York City Ballet, and Nala Najan. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, July 7: The Royal Winnipeg Ballet in a two-week engagement, with a different program each week. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, July 2, at 6. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, July 3, at 8; Saturday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader); and Sunday, July 5, at 1:30. . . . SHEA STADIUM: All-Star game, Tuesday, July 7, at 1. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Thursday and Friday, July 9-10, at 8, and Saturday, July 11, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, July 3: Eddie Cotton vs. Wayne Thornton, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10: Ernie Terrell vs. Bob Foster, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 9-12.)

Olympic Track and Field Trials—At Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: Friday, July 3, at 2, and Saturday, July 4, at noon.

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 4; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 8; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 11. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 11. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: AEK vs. Gornik. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, July 5, at 7:40.)

Sports-Car Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, July 5, at 2. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 11, at 1. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Saturday, July 11, at 2, and Sunday, July 12, at 1:30.

Tennis—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Through Sunday, July 5.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 6-10, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Wednesday, July 8, through Saturday, July 18.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Monday, July 6. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: July 12-13, July 24-26, July 28-Aug. 2, Aug. 4-5, and Aug. 14-15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: July 14-19, July 21-23, Aug. 7-9, and Aug. 11-13.

Golf—Connecticut State Golf Association Amateur-Pro Championship. (Wallingford Country Club, Wallingford, Conn. July 13.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Hackensack Golf Club, Oradell, N.J. Aug. 6-9.)

Horse Shows—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 4-8.) . . . ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 8.)

Racing—At SARATOGA: Aug. 3-29. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 10-Oct. 10.

Soccer—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: July 12, 15, 19, 22, 26, and 29, and Aug. 2, 5, and 9.

Sports-Car Racing—At LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: July 25. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Aug. 2.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 27-Aug. 2.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 10-16.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: July 30-Sept. 28.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 18-25.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. July 25-Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ British semifinal America's Cup trials. (Newport, R.I. Aug. 10-17.)

Music—At PHILHARMONIC HALL, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): Japan Week, including eight concerts by the Toho String Orchestra, July 13-18. . . . ¶ Midsummer Music Festival, offering the Festival Orchestra of New York on July 20, 24, 25, 29, and 31, and Aug. 1; the New York Chamber Soloists, July 21 and 27; the Cantata Singers, July 22; Edwin Flath, organ, July 23; the Festival Orchestra, plus the Cantata Singers, July 26 and Aug. 2; and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, July 30. . . . LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS: Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, ballet dancers, July 14; Adlai E. Stevenson, narrator, and William Warfield, baritone, July 16; Van Cliburn, conductor and piano soloist, July 18; Julius Katchen, piano, July 21; Rudolf Firkusny, piano, July 23; Phyllis Curtin and Laurel Hurley, sopranos, and Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano, July 28; Jerome Lowenthal, piano, and Charles Treger, violin, July 30; Leon Fleisher, piano, Aug. 4; and Jaime Laredo, violin, Aug. 6. . . . NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL: At Newport, R.I., July 23-26.

Theatre—Fialka's Prague Pantomime Theatre, at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Aug. 3-15. . . . ¶ A Czechoslovakian show called Laterna Magika, which combines live stage action with motion pictures, at Carnegie Hall, Aug. 3-Sept. 12.

Other Dates—The Republican National Convention will start on July 13 in San Francisco.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

. . . And Suddenly It's Murder!—From Italy, a suspense comedy with Alberto Sordi and Vittorio Gassman, who are as funny as they come. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 8.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Chalk Garden—A story as sentimental as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but with much wittier dialogue. Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Cleopatra—The famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A nightmare comedy as shocking and wonderful as its title is long. With Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 8, tentative.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—Stephen Boyd, Sophia Loren, Alec Guinness, and Christopher Plummer in a costume drama of unimpeachable implausibility. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

From Russia with Love—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 7, tentative.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

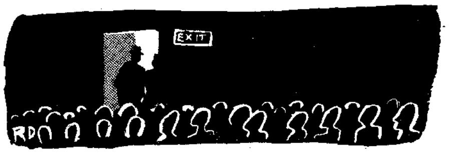
The Organizer—An extraordinary re-creation of a struggle for social justice in nineteenth-century Italy. Marcello Mastroianni is the star, and the director is Mario Monicelli. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Troublemaker—A lively stroll through Greenwich Village in company with a chicken farmer from New Jersey who wants to set up a coffeehouse where intellectual airs can flow freely. Written by Theodore J. Flicker, in collaboration with Buck Henry, and directed by Mr. Flicker. The cast will not be unfamiliar to patrons of The Premise. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)



The World of Henry Orient—Two attractive junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. The girls are played by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and the poseur by Peter Sellers, and they're all splendid. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 7.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 7.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting July 3.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Caught in a Cabaret," "His Prehistoric Past," and "His Trysting Place," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 8.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 7.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 8, tentative.)

The Great Chase (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 8.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting July 3.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 7, tentative.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 3-6.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 2. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting July 8, tentative.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 8.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 2.)

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; July 2.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—The waltz and the old Lehár music, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald most in evidence. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; July 7-8.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 8, tentative.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—Victor Herbert's operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through July 3.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 7.)

7 Capital Sins (1963)—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 7. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Sweethearts (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the Victor Herbert foolishness. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; July 4-6.)

That Touch of Mink (1962)—A farce about the wealthy man-about-town who tries to seduce a poor but pretty virgin. Doris Day and Cary Grant. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; July 2.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 2. No afternoon performances.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting July 3.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 4: "The Freshman" (1925), with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ July 5-8: "Moana" (1926); and "Menilmontant" (1925), a French film. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE CHALK GARDEN.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through July 6: "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven; and "Bullet for a Badman," Audie Murphy.
From July 7, at 8:30: "Zulu," Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins; and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Carpetbaggers," Carroll Baker, George Peppard.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
"Mafioso" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Insect Woman" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 7: "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris.
From July 8: "For Those Who Think Young," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 7: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier.
From July 8: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; *no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.*)
July 2: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
July 3-6: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a documentary film on New Guinea.
From July 7: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "The Subterraneans," revival, Leslie Caron, George Peppard.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
July 2: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK**, revival; and "To Kill a Mockingbird," revival, Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.
From July 3: "Island of the Blue Dolphins," Celia Kaye; and "Tammy and the Bachelor," revival, Debbie Reynolds.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 7: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From July 8: "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 7 (tentative): **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From July 8 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**; and **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Mafioso" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through July 3: **NAUGHTY MARIETTA**, revival; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly.
July 4-6: **SWEETHEARTS**, revival; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
July 7-8: **THE MERRY WIDOW**, revival; and "The Student Prince," Ann Blyth.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2484)
Through July 7: "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris.
From July 8: "For Those Who Think Young," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 7: "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven; and "Bullet for a Badman," Audie Murphy.
From July 8: "Zulu," Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins; and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kapo," Susan Strasberg.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 8 (tentative): **MODERN TIMES**, revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
July 2: **MATA HARI**, revival.
July 3-6: "Anna Karenina," revival, Greta Garbo, Fredric March.
From July 7: "Queen Christina," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TROUBLEMAKER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 7 (tentative): **HUD**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier.
From July 8 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: *HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE* BOMB.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 7: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From July 8: **THE GREAT CHASE**, revival; and "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
July 2: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK**, revival; and "To Kill a Mockingbird," revival, Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.
From July 3: "Island of the Blue Dolphins," Celia Kaye; and "Tammy and the Bachelor," Debbie Reynolds.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 2: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer.
July 3-6: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival.
From July 7: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 7: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers; and "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French), revival.
From July 8: **. . . AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER!** (in Italian); and "Naked Autumn" (in French), Simone Signoret.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 7: "Weekend" (in Danish).
From July 8: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 7: "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier; and "The Crimson Blade," Lionel Jeffries.
From July 8: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern; and "Walk a Tightrope," Dan Duryea.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 7: "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell; and "The Flamboyant Sex" (in French), revival, Anita Lindoff.
From July 8: "La Poupée" (in French), revival; and "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 7: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers; and "Chartroose Caboose," Molly Bee.
From July 8: "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven; and "Bullet for a Badman," Audie Murphy.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
July 2: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier.
From July 3: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (both in French and both revivals).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Carpetbaggers," Carroll Baker, George Peppard.

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
July 2: "As You Like It," revival, Elisabeth Bergner, Laurence Olivier.
From July 3: **HENRY V**, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Blood on the Balcony," an Italian documentary about Benito Mussolini.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 2: "Horror Hotel," revival, Dennis Lotis; and "House of Fright," revival, Paul Massie.
July 3: "The Phantom of the Opera," revival, Herbert Lom; and "The Cabinet of Caligari," revival, Dan O'Herlihy.
July 4: "The Mummy," revival, Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing; and "The Brides of Dracula," revival, Peter Cushing.
July 5: "Kiss of the Vampire," revival, Clifford Evans; and "The Human Monster," revival, Bela Lugosi.
July 6: "Children of the Damned," Ian Hendry; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.
July 7: "First Man Into Space," revival, Marshall Thompson; and "The Creeping Unknown," revival, Brian Donlevy.
July 8: "Terror of the Tongs," revival, Geoffrey Toone; and "The Stranglers of Bombay," revival, Guy Rolfe.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 7: **RICHARD III**, revival; and "The Lost Continent," revival, a documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya.
From July 8: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 2: A program of eight short films on the dance—"Graduation Ball," "Lament," "Dances of Spain," and others.
July 3: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, *revival; and* **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
July 4: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** and **THE CONJUGAL BED** (both in Italian and both revivals).
July 5: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival.
July 6: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); plus ten Disney cartoons.
July 7: **7 CAPITAL SINS** and **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (both in French and both revivals).
July 8: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 7: "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell; and "The Flamboyant Sex" (in French), revival, Anita Lindoff.
From July 8: "Belles and Ballets," revival, a film made up of excerpts from six ballets performed by the Ballet de l'Étoile; and "The Lovemaker" (in French), revival, Betsy Blair.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M.... ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).... ¶ There is a maze designed for small children at the Johnson Wax Pavilion, and a diaper-changing room in the Scott Paper Enchanted Forest.

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impracticable, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half-hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a ride.... ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: seventy dollars for eight hours.... ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day.... ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Independence—On Saturday, July 4, the Fourth of July will be celebrated in the Singer Bowl between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.

Singers—Sunday, July 5, is Norwegian Singers' Day.

Computers—Tuesday, July 7, is I.B.M. Day.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Better Living Center—One of the best shows at the Fair is at the Better Living Center, which is crowded with pitchmen selling blenders, ironing-board covers, Great Books, headrests, pearl oysters, oscillating chairs, fudge, handwriting analysis, Jayne Mansfield scarves, and contact lenses.

Du Pont—A commercial musical show followed by a series of chemical demonstrations goes on about forty times a day. Du Pont products are praised, and the waiting lines are long.

Federal Pavilion—On the first floor of the United States exhibit, a short film called "The American Voyage"—mostly about immigrants to this country—is shown every half hour, and on the second floor, open cars are frequently launched past a short impressionistic movie about American history that is projected onto more screens of various shapes and sizes than is necessary.

Formica House—At the intersection of the Avenues of Research and Enterprise, there is a house constructed of and furnished with indestructible materials and inhabited by an invisible but garrulous family. The moral of it all is that a house is a love story.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and even standing on line for two hours to see its fifteen-minute film is more fun than visiting most other Fair exhibits.

Indian Pavilion—Indian art and crafts are displayed on the first floor, and there are industrial exhibits upstairs. Saris are sold.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice. The audience is ushered out by loud singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Fortunately, there is also a display of photographs of Lincoln, as well as a collection of manuscripts, including one of the Gettysburg Address.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre. The movie, which is projected onto three screens, shows moments of pleasure and happiness in people's lives, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

Mormon Church Pavilion—The exhibit of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a vast building filled with murals, statues, inscriptions, and young men who are eager to explain everything.

Republic of Venezuela—Eighteenth-century religious carvings; pre-Hispanic ceramics; cans of juice, fish, and coffee; jars of fertilizer; photographs of Venezuelans; and a collection of paintings dating from colonial times to the nineteenth century.

West Berlin Pavilion—Art, clothing, and machinery are displayed in plastic bubbles, and newsreels stressing the importance of Berlin are shown.

Wycliffe Bible Translators, Inc.—The main feature here is a mural, projected onto a screen, that illustrates the conversion to Christianity of a savage Peruvian Indian, who, we are told, eventually visited this country and was very happy to see so many Bibles in our stores and hotels.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, and 4:30, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:30, 5:10, 6:20, and 7:30, the rest of the week; adults $1; children fifty cents.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

"Les Poupées de Paris"—A puppet show advertised as "sophisticated" offers an original score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen and a puppet that looks like Frank Sinatra. Shows at 3, 4:30, 7, and 8:30, and a 1:30 show on Saturdays and Sundays. Adults $2; children $1.

Oregon Timber Carnival—The show, which goes on at noon, 2, 4, 6, and 8, includes a man who does the Charleston on top of a 110-foot tree trunk said to have been imported from Oregon. Adults $1, children seventy-five cents.

"To Broadway with Love"—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers, including "Dixie" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. At 4, 7, and 9. Admission 99¢ to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—The museum's inhabitants include Doris Day, Bing Crosby, and Julius Caesar. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. The cold cucumber soup and the fruits-of-Africa salad (avocado, melon, orange, mango, banana, coconut, peanuts, and lettuce) are delicious. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—There is a three-dollar minimum, a small menu, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a six-dollar "grand cold table" at lunchtime and, at dinner, the cold table or anything else on the large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call Mr. Bailey, AR 1-5070.

Granada—One of the three restaurants in the Spanish Pavilion, serving Spanish food such as gazpacho and paella. Good and fairly expensive. The service is efficient; reservations are not accepted.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

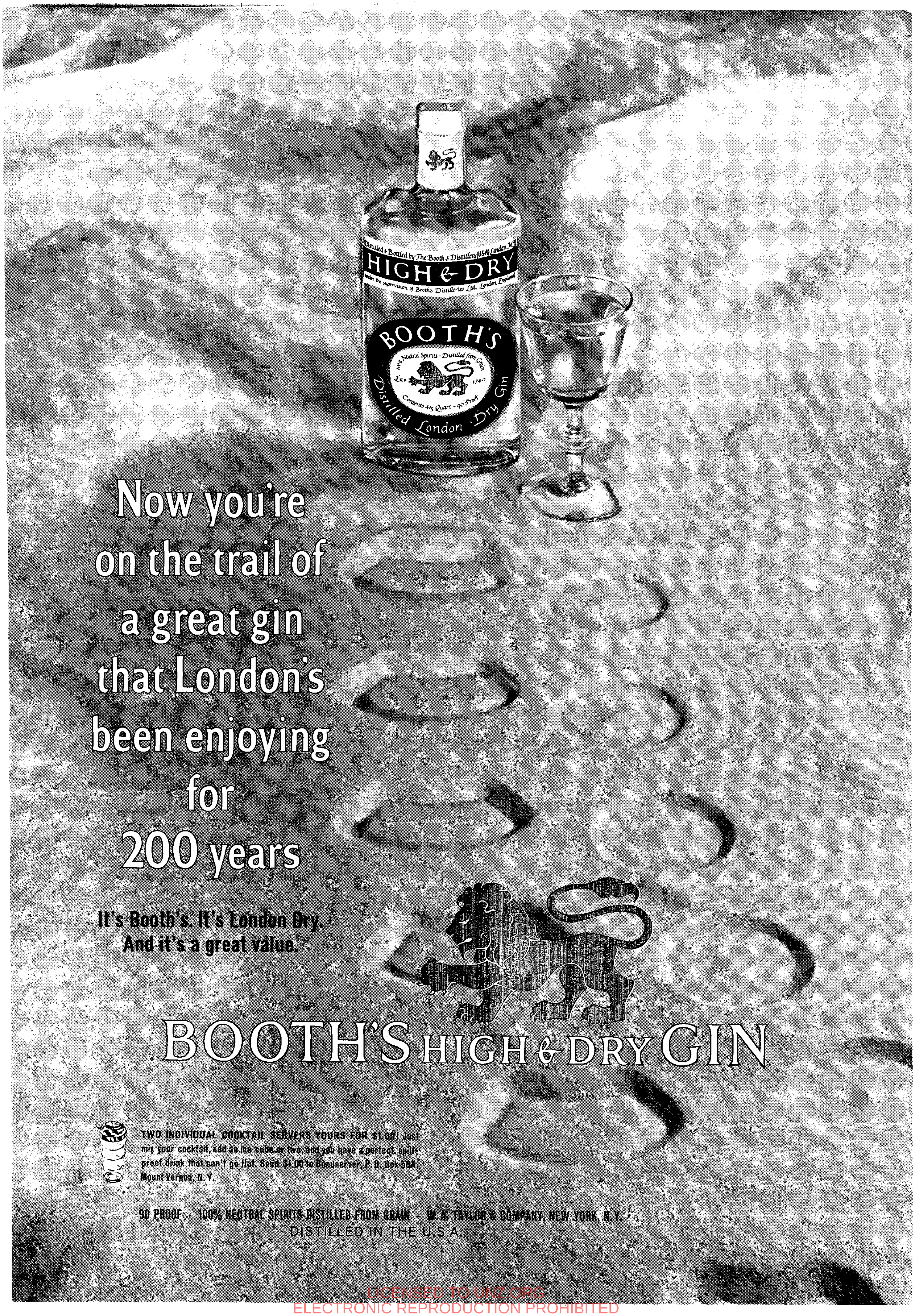
Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $3.75, dinner about $6.50. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves good, expensive Mexican food for lunch and dinner. There are wandering musicians and an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. No reservations.

Note—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just received a message from our friend the long-winded lady. She writes:

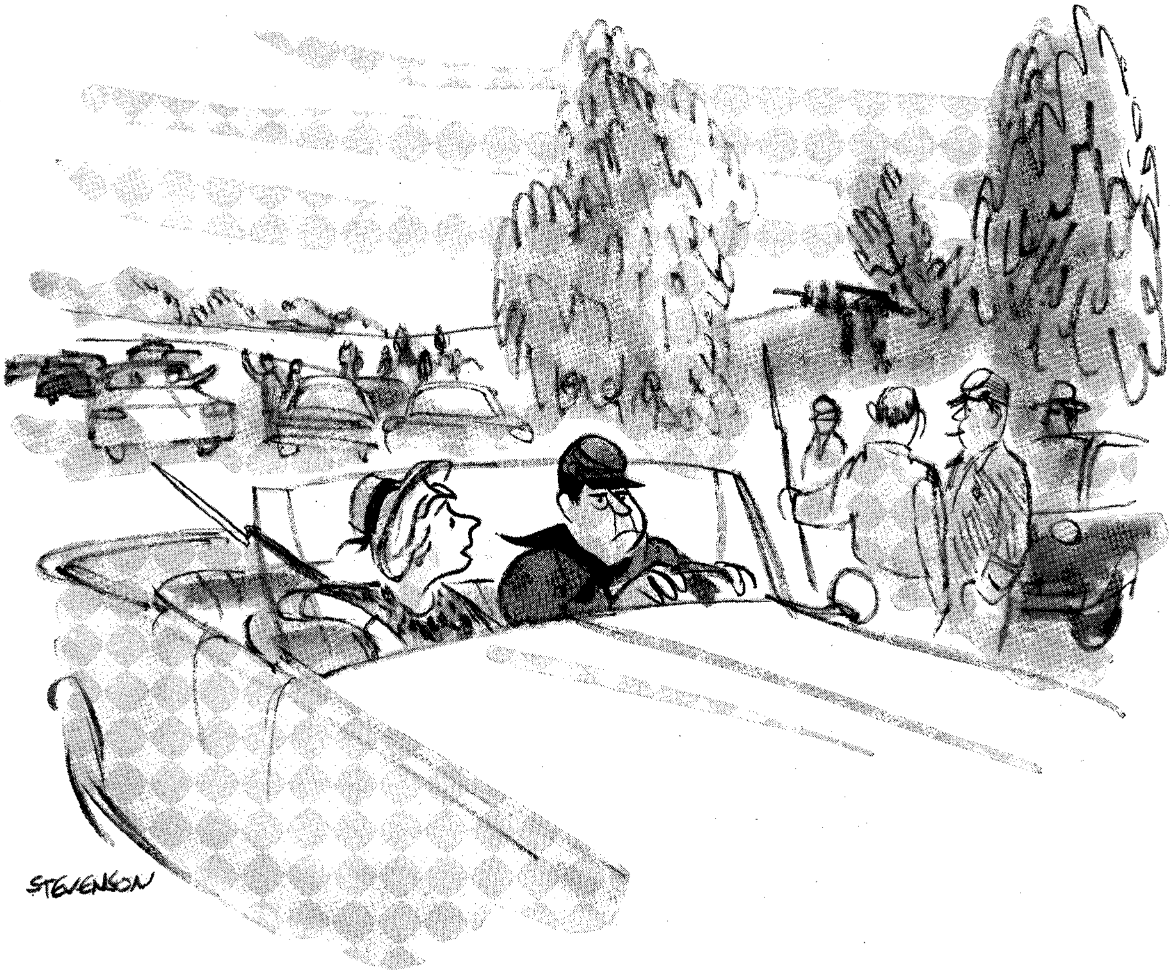
"Early the other evening, I was sitting in a restaurant on lower Fifth Avenue that has peach-colored walls and a softly lighted mirror running the length of the bar when a striking red-haired lady in a black dress with pearls who was sitting by herself at a table not far from mine stood up and walked to a corner table where a nice-looking man was sitting alone reading his evening paper while he waited for someone to come and take his order. He was a careful, orderly man—he had already folded his newspaper up small, so that he could read it and at the same time eat his dinner. The lady bent over this man and said something to him, and he glanced up and then got up immediately, looking very pleased and confused, and collected his briefcase and followed her back to her table. He was still clutching his newspaper. She sat down, but at the last moment, when he was almost in his chair, he hesitated and began looking around him and behind him. 'Are you sure you're alone?' he asked. 'Of course I'm alone,' she replied. 'Stop asking me if I'm alone.' He sat down, and she picked up her drink and started gazing at him possessively. She looked possessive but very good-humored. They were just beginning to talk when the headwaiter, a big, dignified man, appeared from a distant corner of the restaurant and saw the change that had been made in his seating arrangements. He walked swiftly to where the lady sat with her flattered captive, who had settled back and seemed about to relax. 'Sir,' said the headwaiter, 'please go back to your own table.' The man (*everything* was happening to *him*) jumped up, gathering his briefcase and his newspaper to his chest, and scurried to his corner table, and picked up the menu and held it in front of his cowardly face. The lady was annoyed. 'Just who do you think you are?' she said to the headwaiter. 'Lady,' said the headwaiter, 'do me a favor. Please go home.' 'Don't talk to me like that,' she said. 'Who do you think you are? Don't you talk to me like I was dirt.' 'Lady,' said the headwaiter, 'please don't tell *me* that I am talking to *you* like you were dirt.' Unfortunately, I had already paid my check and put on my gloves, and I hadn't the nerve to just sit there watching, so I had to leave without hearing the rest of the repartee.

"Two evenings later, I was in a very small French restaurant on West Fifty-fifth Street. It was peaceful there—a warm, rainy evening. I had worked my way through *Time*, back to front, and I was starting in on *Newsweek* when someone came and stood beside me. I looked up, and it was a very tall, solemn, scholarly-looking young man who had made a good deal of fuss over his briefcase when he came into the restaurant. He had given his hat to the checkroom girl, but he had taken his briefcase to the bar with him after explaining to her that he was afraid something might happen to it. Then, when he sat at the bar—it is a very small restaurant, everything in one room—he had balanced the briefcase on his feet for a while, which meant that he had to keep reaching down to set it straight. Finally, he had gone back and given it to the checkroom girl, and watched while she put it away on a high shelf. That had all happened some time before. Now he stood by my table and looked gloomily at me and said, 'I don't mean to insult you.' Then he said, 'I want to know if you will have a drink with me.' I said, 'No, thank you. I am waiting for somebody.' I was sitting at a table for one. 'You are waiting for somebody,' he said, and he went back to his place at the bar. Ten or fifteen minutes later, two ladies in small, serviceable hats came in and sat down at the table next to me. They spoke French. One of them was French, or spoke like a Frenchwoman, and the other was speaking some French she had learned, using only whole sentences, and they both had loud, confident voices. The scholarly man got off his stool and came over to them. 'I don't mean to insult you,' he said. They stared up at him. He began to smile, and then he beamed at them. '*Parlez-vous Berlitz?*' he said. The proprietor, who had been gazing into the cash register, hurried over and took him by the elbow and began to tow him back to the bar. 'Monsieur,' the proprietor said, 'you don't know those people. Please, Monsieur, *s'il vous plaît*.' 'I didn't mean to insult anybody,' the man said, but he allowed himself to be placed back at the bar, where he sat guarding his drink with both elbows and looking resentful.

"The lesson to be learned from these two encounters is that if everybody in the city were sorted out and set going in the right direction, New York would soon be a very quiet place."

Cyberculture and Girls

THE other day, at the Hotel Roosevelt, we attended the Conference on the Cybercultural Revolution, which was part of the Third Annual Congress of Scientists on Survival. At the door of the Terrace Ballroom, we pushed through a throng of scientists, many of whom were bearded or bald, or both,



"If you get so upset when you lose,
why reënact Pickett's Charge in the first place?"

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and entered the room just in time to hear the end of a speech declaring that no other social revolution—not even the agricultural or the industrial one—was a patch on the cybercultural revolution we were evidently in the middle of. When the session broke up for lunch, we approached the speakers' table to ask the chairman of the Conference, Miss Alice Mary Hilton, who was wearing a dark-green dress, for news of the revolution. The room was emptying, but Miss Hilton, along with a handful of other top cyberculturists, had chosen to stay on in order to have a quick, businesslike lunch on the spot. She offered us a ham sandwich, and explained that cybernetics was the study of machine systems that control themselves. "The Sara Lee bakery in Chicago is cybernated; there are practically no workmen at all," she said, munching delicately. "Within not too long a time, the Carlsberg brewery, in Denmark, will be one of the most completely cybernated factories in the world. Soon, all factories will be cybernated. What will we do then? Cybernation, by the way, isn't automation. With automation, you need people to run the machines, and you can create more jobs by increasing production. But cybernated machines don't even have control panels; control panels are for people, not machines. Cybernated machines run themselves, and people are superfluous."

We inquired what life in the cyberculture would be like.

"We are at the crossroads," she said, with a thin smile, and, offering a sandwich to Dr. Morris Rubinoff, a tall, dark professor from the University of Pennsylvania, added, "It will be either a society of idleness or a society of leisure where people will at last be free to lead a human life."

Dr. Rubinoff put some mustard on his sandwich. "There will have to be economic changes," he said. "Ideally, everybody should be guaranteed a private income. We have to get rid of the outmoded, puritanical idea that the right to eat is predicated on a job. There won't *be* any jobs. There will have to be changes in the educational system, too. There is no point in training people for nonexistent jobs."

A stocky, genial Englishman who came by for a sandwich and was introduced by Miss Hilton as Sir Robert Watson-Watt, one of the inventors of radar, explained that the cybercultural revolution was nothing new—that the word "cybernetics" derived from the Greek word meaning "steersman," and that Aristotle once said, "If the shuttle would weave and the plectrum touch the lyre without a hand to guide them, chief workmen would not want servants nor masters slaves."

We were next joined by Mr. Claude A. R. Kagan, who came up with the double purpose of snagging a sandwich and showing Sir Robert and Miss Hilton a graph he had been working on, which plotted the increasing speeds that man had achieved, from the domestication of the horse to the invention of the airplane and the rocket, against a time scale. Mr. Kagan said it indicated that by 1990 man would achieve the speed of light, which, of course, was impossible. Therefore, he ventured, increased speed would perhaps be traded off for other types of inventions—perhaps in the field of communications? Sir Robert and Miss Hilton each raised an eyebrow, and so did Mr. Kagan himself, but everyone agreed that, if nothing else, Mr. Kagan's graph might indicate that the cybercultural revolution could be a *fait accompli* by 1990.

THINKING that one over, we departed for the First International Conference of Women Engineers and Scientists, sponsored by the Society of Women Engineers, which was being held at the United Engineering Center, near the United Nations headquarters. A note we had received from the Society read, in part:

> This conference will be a dramatic demonstration of talent, ability, and accomplishment in engineering and science, a natural resource which Americans are largely wasting through inadequate recognition of their talented girls. Less

> than 1% of American engineers are women. The American need is not for more, but for better engineers. To get 99+% of our engineering talent from boys, we have to dip lower and lower into the talent barrel. Doesn't it make good sense to pick up some of that top talent in girls that now goes down the drain?

In the Center's basement, an antiseptic place, we found five hundred lady engineers milling about and chattering. Dipping into the talent barrel, we came up with a jolly, plump lady in a blue flowered dress, who proved to be Miss Aileen Cavanagh, the Society's president, and who picked up where the letter had left off. Seventy per cent of those who had scored in the top ten per cent on a nationwide aptitude test for engineering given in high schools were girls, she said, yet only eighteen hundred women had ever received engineering degrees in this country. "You could go to meetings of engineering societies year after year and never meet a woman," she went on. "That's why, in 1951, we started our society. About one-third of the lady engineers in America are in this room right now."

Mrs. Cavanagh turned us over to Miss Barbara Fox, a pretty engineer in a dark-blue dress, who is a sanitary specialist with the City of Chicago Water Department and has done a good deal of tunnelling. Miss Fox introduced us to Mrs. Catherine Walshe, also in a dark-blue dress, who had helped design a nine-mile dual carriageway for the Dublin County Council, in Ireland, and by being handed on in this fashion for a while we met Miss Anna C. Hanson, in a green-and-white dress with red trim, who had worked on a sea wall for the City of Detroit; Miss Editha Vidad, of the Philippines (purplish Oriental print dress), who is vice-president of a heavy-construction firm that builds bridges; Miss Barbara Scott (white print dress), who helps out with roads for the Wyoming State Highway Department; Mrs. Consuelo S. Milner (in black and pink), who is working on a highly classified cryptography project for the Naval Applied Science Laboratory, in Brooklyn, and holds a patent on a quartz-crystal frequency-control unit; Dr. Beatrice A. Hicks (in off-white), the director of the Conference, who is president and director of engineering of the Newark Controls Company, in Bloomfield, and holds a patent on a gas-density switch used in, among other things, missiles and satellites (it is a part of the ignition system in the second stage of the Saturn missile); and, finally, Miss Delilah Chastain (red-and-white pinafore), who owns a heavy-construction company near Miami that builds roads, and who was recently in charge of a flood-control program in the Everglades. Miss Chastain, a comely tanned blonde, handed us her business card, which bore the slogan "Construction with a Feminine Touch."

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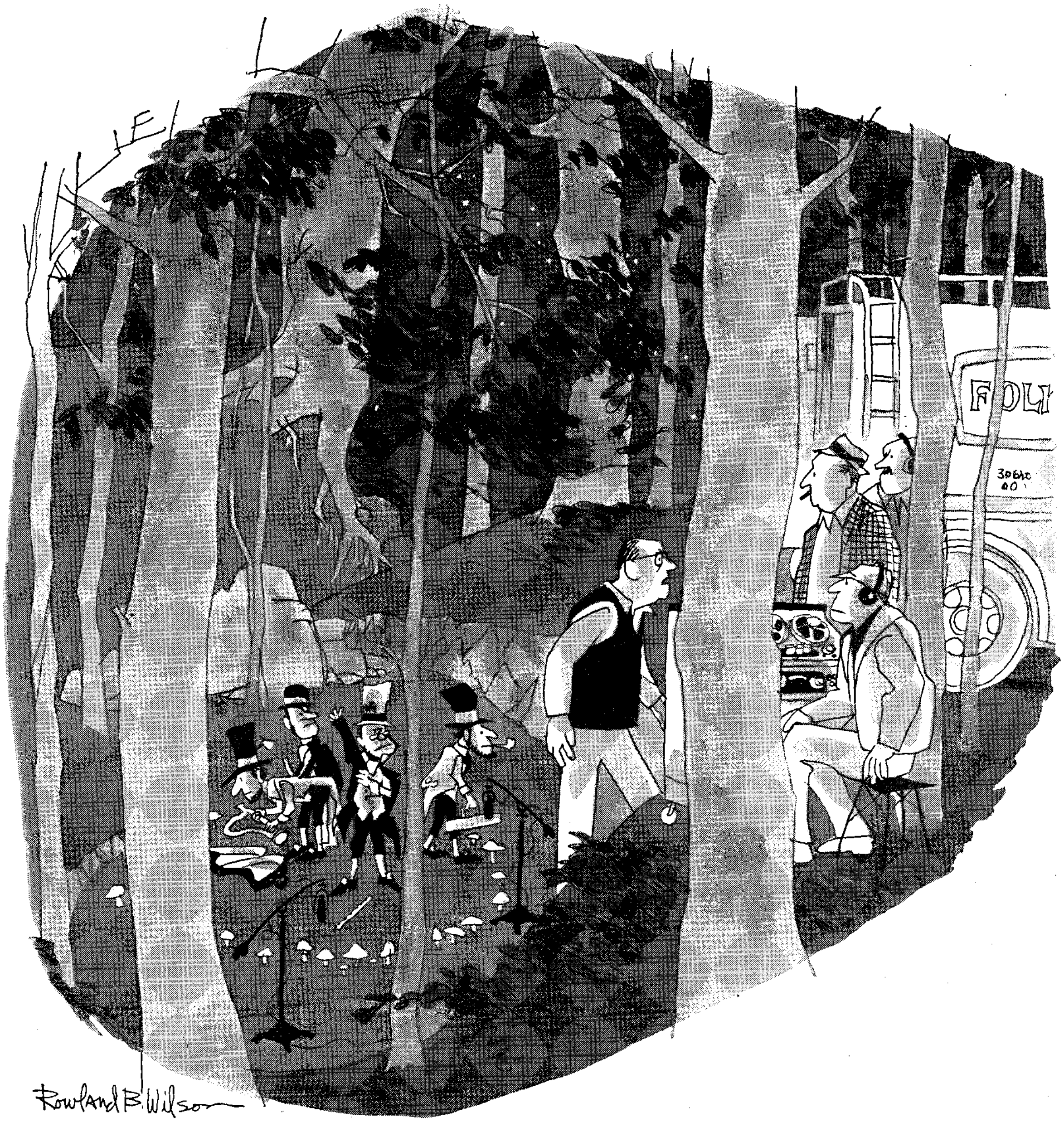
THE copy of Volume I of *Census of Population: 1960* in Harvard's Widener Library contains the following bookplate:

> Harvard College Library.
> VERITAS
> Bought from the Fund for Current Modern Poetry given by Morris Gray, Class of 1877.

Carrying On

WE had the pleasure of greeting Alan Meredith Williams, the British Consul-General, in the fall of 1960, when he had been in office only ten days, and recently we attended a "to



"They don't care what Folkways is paying. They won't play after the moon sets."

say goodbye" party that he and his wife gave in their apartment, overlooking the East River. "I was hoping for a slightly longer stay," he said when we cornered him for a few moments. "New York is so very big that you never get to know it. We've made some good friends here and we've received lots of hospitality. Americans love to see people—at least, I assume they do. Their welcoming quality is a very cheering thing. You're more outgoing, conversationally, than we are—in the same way, I think, that you don't have hedges around your gardens, as we do. We've enormously enjoyed our summers in the Hamptons, where my American sisters-in-law have houses." Replying to a query of ours, he added, "Yes, I still enjoy taking long walks; I had an extremely good one the other day with Ernest Marples, our Minister of Transport. We drove out to Bear Mountain and walked through the park."

Our host had been knighted during his stay here, and we asked whether this had involved a trip home and a royal tap.

"I suppose that will be forthcoming, but the assumption of the title and dignity was done by dispensation," he said. "You get the accolade later."

We asked him whether he had done anything special, other than be Consul-General, to become Sir Alan, and he said, "It's a tribute to the importance of New York and the excellence of my staff. The job is simply the old, old game of carrying on and keeping things going. Apart from the protection of British subjects—getting them passports, and helping them when they get arrested (very rare, of course)—the main thing is the productive, commercial side. The Consul-General is at the service of anyone in the United Kingdom who wants to sell anything to the United States. He can't sell the goods, naturally, but he finds agents for business firms. Whiskey is one of our chief exports; that looks after itself. Automobiles have done rather well. Meeting visitors from overseas is part of the job. I have a fair working knowledge of Kennedy Airport. I've gone there to meet, and see off, well, not exactly a never-ending stream of my fellow-countrymen but, well, *many*. I met the Queen Mother when she passed through here four months ago on her way to the Caribbean. I'm rather familiar with the International Arrival Building at Kennedy Airport."

In mid-August, Sir Alan will go to Panama as Ambassador. "I was in Panama thirty years ago as Vice-Consul," he said. "Sea fishing is a great sport there. My last foreign post before I became Consul-General here was in Tunis, from 1952 to 1955, and that reminds me of a little mystery. Perhaps you can clear it up. When I was in Tunis, one of the sights there was the grave of John Howard Payne, the author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Well, a few weeks ago, when I was in Washington, I picked up an Esso road map and read that he was buried in the District of Columbia, in a cemetery near Dumbarton Oaks. I don't *think* there's been a major operation of transplanting Mr. Payne since the early nineteen-fifties."

He gazed at us questioningly, and we've just looked the matter up in the Dictionary of American Biography, which states, of a period when Payne was Consul at Tunis, "During the winter of 1851-52 his health failed rapidly, and he died on Apr. 9, 1852, still beset by unfinished plans and unpaid debts. Thirty-one years later, his body was brought to America and interred at Oak Hill Cemetery in Washington." We can only conclude that title to a distinguished grave is not easily relinquished.

Rare Catch

A LADY we know who is in the Virgin Islands pursuing her favorite hobby of skin diving has written us that she found a large and beautiful conch off Marina Cay. Her head filled with visions of steaming conch chowder, and perhaps a table lamp, she asked the manager of her hotel how to extract the meat from the shell. "That's my conch!" he exclaimed when she showed him her treasure. "I put it offshore, so that when I take guests snorkeling they will have something to find." Our friend, not one to ruin a good tourist attraction, replaced the shell.

Meeting

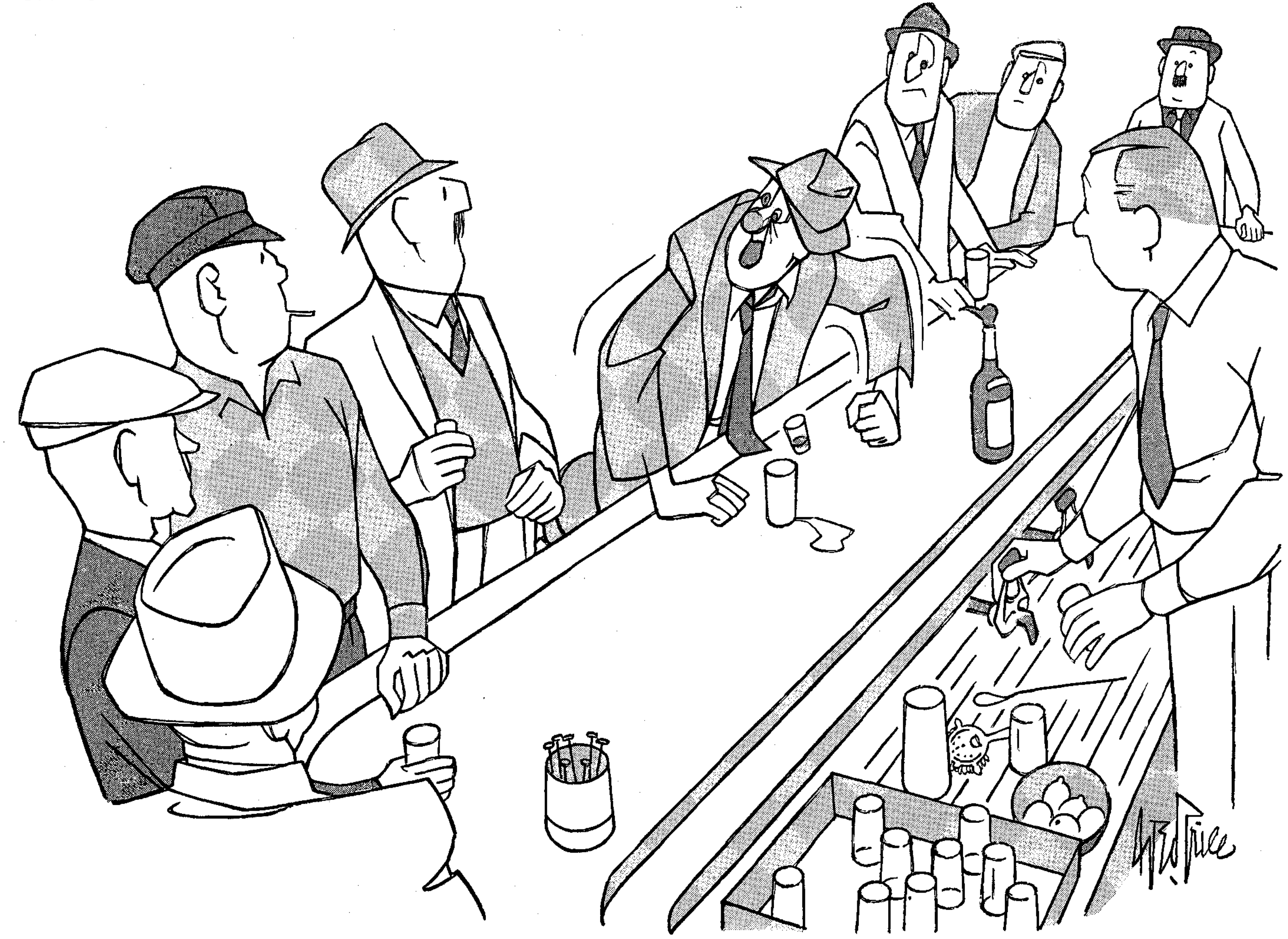
AS we walked along the boardwalk of Gate No. 1 into the World's Fair the other afternoon, a Pinkerton policeman who was using a megaphone to direct pedestrian traffic shouted, "You came here to have fun! Well, go on in and have it!" We hurried in through a turnstile and headed for the Beech-Nut Theatre, in the Better Living Center, to attend the first meeting of the Fair's board of directors to be held since Opening Day. The musical lampposts on the Avenue of Progress were playing "A Kiss to Build a Dream On," and the crowds waiting in line in the hot sun outside the General Electric Pavilion and drinking beer at the Schaefer Center and leaping out of the way of Fair garbage trucks, Fair Fire Department station wagons, Greyhound buses, Escorters, and Glide-a-Ride trains all seemed content with their lot.

It was cool and dark in the Beech-Nut Theatre; ushers were distributing copies of the agenda of the meeting, and about a hundred members of the board of directors were waiting quietly for the executive committee to take seats at a long table on the stage. When General William Potter, the executive vice-president, arrived, a director rushed up to him and introduced a young man. "General Potter, this is Stephen, a very bright boy," said the director. "He goes to Penn State. Maybe you can find a spot for him. He's free from three in the afternoon." Just then, Robert Moses came in, and General Potter and the rest of the executive committee joined him onstage.

Mr. Moses called the meeting to order and made a short speech, saying that he was pleased with the popular support of the Fair, hopeful that business would improve in the Amusement Area, and displeased by "captious criticism" and "professional detractors." He also said that the Fair administrators would continue to work hard. The audience of directors applauded, and it applauded again when George Moore, of the Finance Committee, made a comforting financial report, and again when former Governor Charles Poletti, vice-president in charge of international affairs and exhibits, announced that the exhibitors in the International Area were "pretty well satisfied customers" and that the Swiss Sky Ride was a success. There wasn't time for applause after the Fair's legal consultant, Charles Preusse, reported on litigation concerning a mural in the Jordanian Pavilion. Mr. Preusse advised the board of directors not to discuss the mural until two cases then before the State Supreme Court had been decided. Mr. Moses immediately ruled that there would be no discussion.

Alex Rose, who is a vice-chairman of the Liberal Party and president of the United Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers, and who resigned as a director of the Fair after the meeting, stood up, took a microphone from an usher, and proceeded to denounce, at length, both the mural, which he called "a war slogan against Israel," and the decision not to discuss it.

Mr. Moses sank in his seat and rested his head on one hand.



“. . . and if nominated I will not run, and if elected I will not serve.”

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“I'm sorry to introduce a note of discord, but I am anxious to preserve the honor of the Fair,” Mr. Rose said.

Mr. Moses said impatiently, “Mr. Rose, have you a resolution to offer?”

“Yes,” Mr. Rose replied.

“Well, offer it,” Mr. Moses said.

Mr. Rose started to offer his resolution, and Mr. Moses started to repeat the counsel's recommendation that there should be no discussion, and Senator Jacob Javits, who is also a Fair director, ran up to where Mr. Rose was standing, took the microphone from him, and suggested a vote on whether to discuss the mural or not. Other directors and members of the executive committee were sighing, gasping, or leaning forward in their seats and looking unhappy. Finally, everyone agreed to vote.

The anti-discussion party won, and Mr. Moses said, “The motion is lost. General Potter will report on the Federal and States Area. General Potter.”

Just as General Potter smiled and opened his mouth to speak, another director took the microphone from the usher. “Harry Van Arsdale,” he said. “I did not vote either way, but if I thought that my vote would help Israel, I would vote with the minority.”

Mr. Moses banged his gavel on the table and called again on General Potter, who had closed his mouth. The General was clearly about to open it again when another director, State Senator Joseph Zaretzki, ran up and seized the microphone.

Mr. Zaretzki started to offer a resolution, but Mr. Moses banged the gavel several times and said, “Is this the same resolution in a new suit of clothes?”

Meanwhile, General Potter had started to make his report, but his voice was drowned out by the argument between Mr. Moses and Senator Zaretzki and by the sound of Mr. Moses' gavel.

“You can't gavel this resolution down!” Mr. Zaretzki cried as Mr. Moses kept banging away. “I'm raising a point of order. Under Article Six of—”

“General Potter will now make his report,” Mr. Moses said fiercely.

“You're not going to gag this board of directors, are you?” Mr. Zaretzki asked.

General Potter seemed to be talking about debris. His voice got louder and louder, until Senator Zaretzki retreated.

After General Potter had concluded, cheerfully, one of the directors, Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, reported that there would be free dancing in the Amusement Area starting July 1st; Stuart Constable, vice-president in charge of operations, said that there hadn't been any cases of food poisoning stemming from the Fair restaurants; and William Berns, vice-president in charge of communications and public relations, thanked the directors for sending in magazine and newspaper clippings about the Fair.

After that, everyone watched a movie called “Great Fair, Great Fun.”

Need

THE other afternoon, a neighbor of ours whose daughter is back from college for the summer found the following note from his secretary propped on his office desk:

> Susan (your daughter) called and asked me to ask you to put some money in the bank—any amount.

MARITO IN CITTÀ

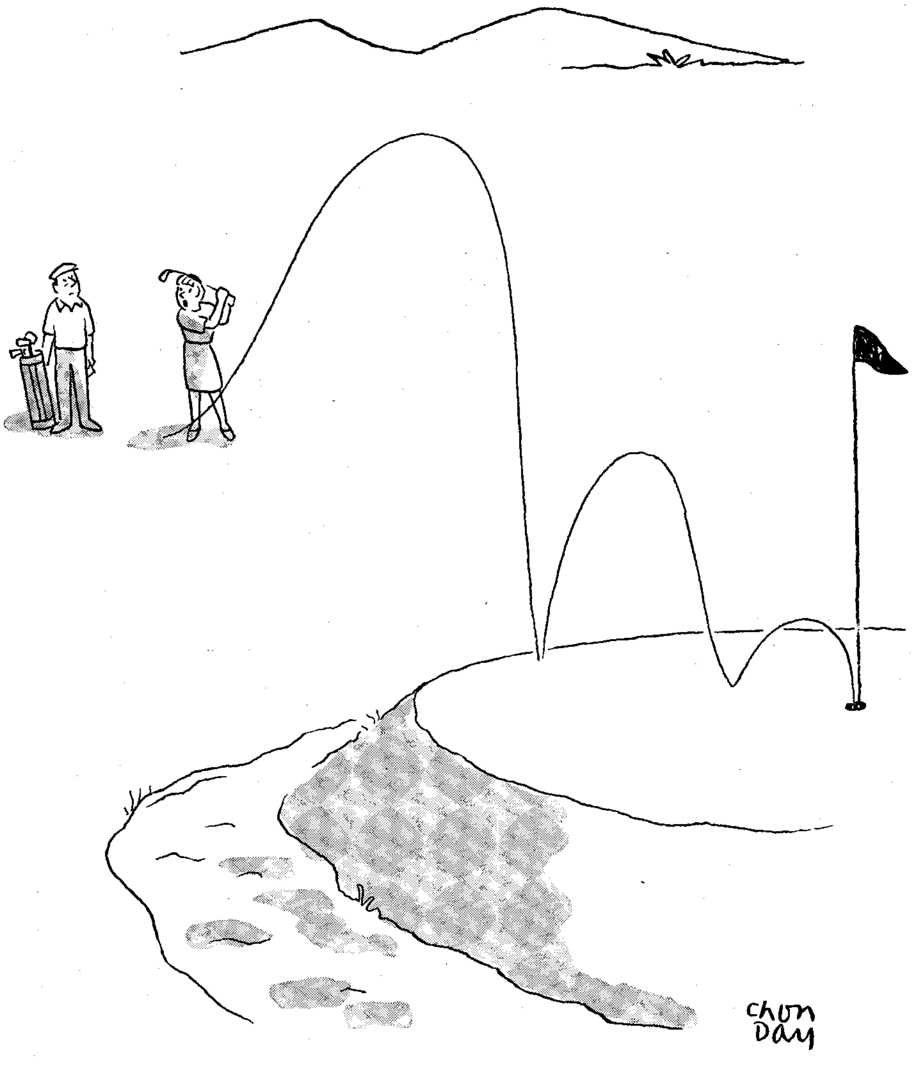
SOME years ago there was a popular song in Italy called "Mariti in Città." The air was as simple and catching as a street song. The words went: "*La moglie se ne va, il marito resta qua, il povero marito, solo in città,*" and dealt with the plight of a married man alone, in the lighthearted and farcical manner that seems traditional, as if to be alone were an essentially comic situation such as getting tangled up in a trout line. Mr. Estabrook had heard the song while travelling in Europe with his wife (fourteen days, ten cities), and some capricious tissue of his memory had taken an indelible impression of the words and the music. He had not forgotten it; indeed, it seemed that he could not forget it, although it was in conflict with his regard for the possibilities of aloneness.

The scene, the moment when his wife and four children left for the mountains, had the charm, the air of ordination, and the deceptive simplicity of an old-fashioned magazine cover. One could have guessed at it all—the summer morning, the station wagon, the bags, the clear-eyed children, the filled coin rack for toll stations, some ceremonious observation of a change in the season, another ring in the planet's age. He shook hands with his sons and kissed his wife and his daughters and watched the car move along the driveway with a feeling that this instant was momentous, that had he been given the ability to scrutinize the forces that were involved he would have arrived at something like a revelation. The women and children of Rome, Paris, London, and New York were, he knew, on their way to the highlands or the sea. It was a weekday, and so he locked Scamper, the dog, in the kitchen and drove to the station singing, "*Marito in città, la moglie se ne va,*" et cetera, et cetera.

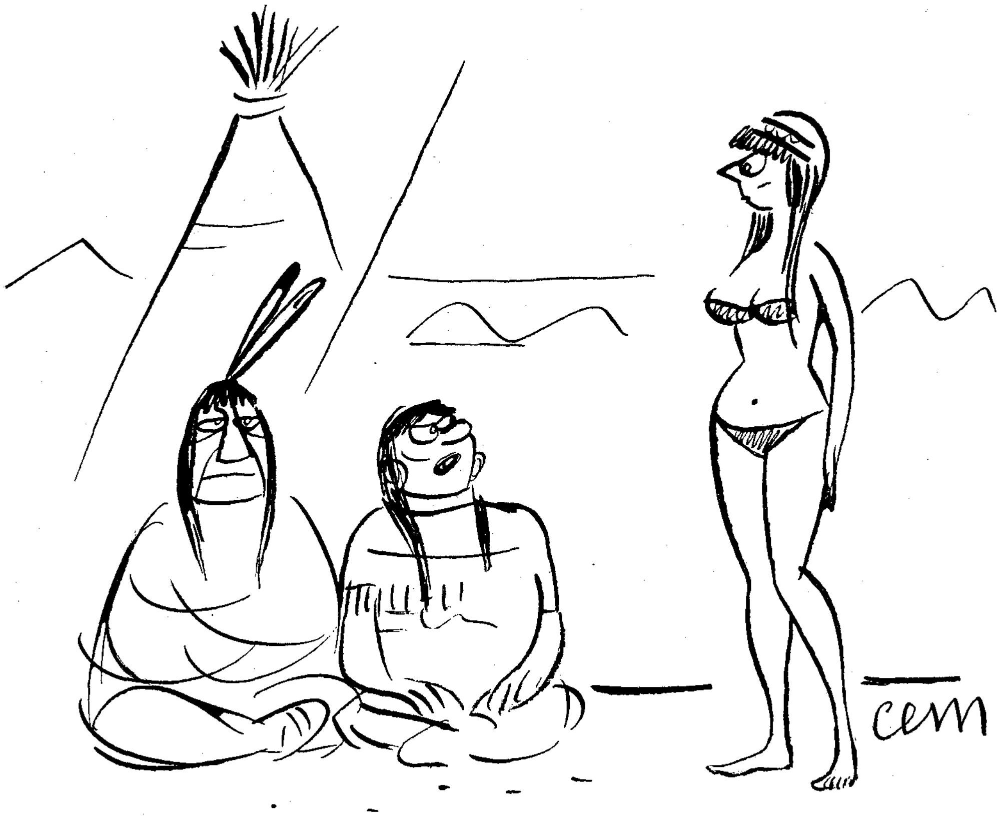
One knows how it will go, of course—it will never quite transcend the farcical strictures of a street song—but Mr. Estabrook's aspirations were earnest, fresh, and worth observing. He was familiar with the vast and evangelical literature of solitude, and he intended to exploit the weeks of his aloneness. He could clean his telescope and study the stars. He could read. He could practice the Bach two-part inventions on the piano. He could—so like an expatriate who claims that the limpidity and sometimes the anguish of his estrangement promise a high degree of self-discovery—learn more about himself. He would observe the migratory habits of birds, the changes in the garden, the clouds in the sky. He had a distinct image of himself, his powers of observation greatly heightened by the adventure of aloneness.

When he got home on his first night, he found that Scamper had got out of the kitchen and slept on a sofa in the living room, which he had covered with mud and hair. Scamper was a mongrel, the children's pet. Mr. Estabrook spoke reproachfully to the dog and turned up the sofa cushions. The next problem that he faced was one that is seldom touched on in the literature of solitude—the problem of his rudimentary appetites. This was to sound, in spite of himself, the note of low comedy. *O marito in città!* He could imagine himself in clean chinos, setting up his telescope in the garden at dusk, but he could not imagine who was going to feed this self-possessed figure.

He fried himself some eggs, but he found that he couldn't eat them. He made an Old-Fashioned cocktail with particular care and drank it. Then he returned to the eggs, but he still found them revolting. He drank another cocktail and approached the eggs from a different direction, but they were still repulsive. He gave the eggs to Scamper and drove out to the state highway, where there was a restaurant. The music, when he entered the place, seemed as loud as parade music, and a waitress was standing on a chair, stringing curtains onto a rod. "I'll be with you in a minute," she said. "Sit down anywheres." He chose a place at one of the empty tables. He was not actually disappointed in his situation; he had by design surrounded himself with a large number of men, women, and children, and it was only natural that he should feel then, as he did, not alone but lonely. Considering the physical and spiritual repercussions of this condition, it seemed strange to him that there was only one word for it. He was lonely, and he was in pain. The food was not just bad; it seemed incredible. Here was that total absence of recollection that is the essence of tastelessness. He could eat nothing. He stirred up his



"*Like so?*"



"It's just that your father and I feel the whole effect is un-Indian, that's all."

stringy pepper steak and ordered some ice cream, to spare the feelings of the waitress. The food reminded him of all those who through clumsiness or bad luck must make their lives alone and eat this fare each night. It was frightening, and he went to a drive-in movie.

The long summer dusk still filled the air with a soft light. The wishing star hung above the enormous screen, canted a little toward the audience with a certain air of doom. Faded in the fading light, the figures and animals of a cartoon chased one another across the screen, exploded, danced, sang, pratfell. The fanfare and the credits for the feature, for what he had come to see, went on through the last of the twilight, and then, as night fell, a screenplay of incredible asininity began to unfold. His moral indignation at this confluence of hunger, boredom, and loneliness was violent, and he thought sadly of the men who had been obliged to write the movie, and of the hard-working actors who were paid to repeat these crude lines. He could see them at the end of the day, getting out of their convertibles in Beverly Hills, utterly discouraged. Fifteen minutes was all he could stand, and he went home.

Scamper had shifted from the dismantled sofa to a chair, whose light silk covering he had dirtied with hair and mud. "Bad Scamper," Mr. Estabrook said, and then he took those precautions to save the furniture that he was to repeat each night. He upended a footstool on the sofa, upended the silk chairs, put a wastebasket on the love seat in the hallway, and put the upholstered dining-room chairs upside down on the table, as they do in restaurants when the floor is being mopped. With the lights off and everything upside down, the permanence of his house was challenged, and he felt for a moment like a ghost who has come back to see time's ruin.

Lying in bed, he thought, quite naturally, of his wife. He had learned, from experience, that it was sensible to make their separations ardent, and on the night but one before she left he had declared himself; but Mrs. Estabrook had responded with an exasperated sigh. She was tired. On the next night, he declared himself again. Mrs. Estabrook seemed acquiescent, but what she then did was to go down to the kitchen, put four heavy blankets into the washing machine, blow a fuse, and flood the floor. Standing in the kitchen doorway, utterly unaccommodated, he wondered why she did this. She had merely meant to be elusive! Watching her, a dignified but rather heavy woman, mopping up the kitchen floor, he thought that she had wanted, like any nymph, to run through the bosky wood—dappled her back, the water flashing at her feet—and, being short-winded these days, and there being no bosky wood, she had been reduced to putting blankets into a washing machine. It had never crossed his mind before that the passion to be elusive was as strong in her sex as the passion to pursue was in his. This glimpse of things moved him; contented him, in a way; but was, as it so happened, the only contentment he had that night.

THE image of a cleanly, self-possessed man exploiting his solitude was not easy to come by, but then he had not expected that it would be. On the next night, he practiced the two-part inventions until eleven. On the night after that, he got out his telescope. He had been unable to solve the problem of feeding himself, and in the space of a week had lost more than fifteen pounds. His trousers, when he belted them in around his middle, gathered in folds like a skirt. He took three pairs of trousers down to the dry cleaner's in the village. It was past closing time, but the proprietor was still there, a man crushed by life. He had torn Mrs. Hazelton's lace pillowcases and lost Mr. Fitch's silk shirts. His equipment was in hock, the union wanted health insurance, and everything that he ate—even yoghurt—seemed to turn to fire in his esophagus. He spoke despairingly to Mr. Estabrook. "We don't keep a tailor on the premises no more, but there's a woman up on Maple Avenue who does alterations. Mrs. Zagreb. It's at the corner of Maple Avenue and Clinton Street. There's a sign in the window."

It was a dark night and that time of year when there are many fireflies. Maple Avenue was what it claimed to be, and the dense foliage doubled the darkness on the street. The house on the corner was frame, with a porch. The maples were so thick there that no grass grew on the lawn. There was a sign—"Alterations"—in the window. He rang a bell. "Just a minute," someone called. The voice was strong and gay. A woman opened the door with one hand, rubbing a towel in her dark hair with the other. She seemed surprised to see him. "Come in," she said, "come in. I've just washed my hair." There was a small hall, and he followed her through this into a small living room. "I have some trousers that I want taken in," he said. "Do you do that kind of thing?"

"I do everything." She laughed. "But

why are you losing weight? Are you on a diet?"

She had put down her towel, but she continued to shake her hair and rough it with her fingers. She moved around the room while she talked, and seemed to fill the room with restlessness—a characteristic that might have annoyed him in someone else but that in her seemed graceful, fascinating, the prompting of some inner urgency.

"I'm not dieting," he said.

"You're not ill?" Her concern was swift and genuine; he might have been her oldest friend.

"Oh, no. It's just that I've been trying to cook for myself."

"Oh, you poor boy," she said. "Do you know your measurements?"

"No."

"Well, we'll have to take them."

Moving, stirring the air and shaking her hair, she crossed the room and got a yellow tape measure from a drawer. In order to measure his waist she had to put her hands under his jacket—a gesture that seemed amorous. When the measure was around his waist, he put his arms around her waist and thrust himself against her. She merely laughed and shook her hair. Then she pushed him away lightly—much more like a promise than a rebuff. "Oh, no," she said, "not tonight, not tonight, my dear." She crossed the room and faced him from there. Her face was tender, and darkened with indecision, but when he came toward her she hung her head, shook it vigorously. "No, no, no," she said. "Not tonight. Please."

"But I can see you again?"

"Of course, but not tonight." She crossed the room and laid her hand against his cheek. "Now, you go," she said, "and I'll call you. You're very nice, but now you go."

He stumbled out of the door, stunned but feeling wonderfully important. He had been in the room three minutes—four at the most—and what had there been between them, this instantaneous recognition of their fitness as lovers? He had been excited when he first saw her—had been excited by her strong, gay voice. Why had they been able to move so effortlessly, so directly toward one another? And where was his sense of good and evil, his passionate desire to be worthy, manly, and, within his vows, chaste? He was a member of the Church of Christ, he was a member of the vestry, a devout and habitual communicant, sincerely sworn to defend the articles of faith. He had already committed a mortal sin. But driving under the maples and through the summer night, he could not, under the most intense examination, find anything in his instincts but goodness and magnanimity and a much enlarged sense of the world. He struggled with some scrambled eggs, practiced the inventions, and tried to sleep. *O marito in città!*

It was the memory of Mrs. Zagreb's front that tormented him. Its softness and fragrance seemed to hang in the air while he waited for sleep, it followed into his dreams, and when he woke his face seemed buried in Mrs. Zagreb's front, glistening like marble and tasting to his thirsty lips as various and soft as the airs of a summer night.

In the morning, he took a cold shower, but Mrs. Zagreb's front seemed merely to wait outside the shower curtain. It rested against his cheek as he drove to the train, read over his shoulder as he rode the eight-thirty-three, jiggled along with him through the shuttle and the downtown train, and haunted him through the business day. He thought he was going mad. As soon as he got home, he looked up her number in the *Social Register* that his wife kept by the telephone. This was a mistake, of course, but he found her number in the local directory and called her. "Your trousers are ready," she said. "You can come and get them whenever you want. Now, if you'd like."

She called for him to come in. He found her in the living room, and she handed him his trousers. Then he was shy and wondered if he hadn't invented the night before. Here, with his shyness, was the truth, and all the rest had been imagining. Here was a widowed seamstress handing some trousers to a lonely man, no longer young, in a frame house that needed paint, on Maple Avenue. The world was ruled by common sense, legitimate passions, and articles of faith. She shook her head. This then was a mannerism and had nothing to do with washing her hair. She pushed it off her forehead; ran her fingers through the dark curls. "If you have time for a drink," she said,

FIREWORKS

These spasms and chrysanthemums of light
are like emotions
exploding under a curved night that corresponds
to the dark firmament within.

See now the libidinous flare,
spinning on its stick in vain resistance
to the upright ego and mortality's gravity;
behold, above, the sudden bloom,
turquoise, each tip a comet,
of pride—followed, after an empty bang,
by an ebbing amber galaxy, despair.

We feel our secrets bodied forth like flags
as wide as half the sky. Now
passions, polychrome and coruscating, crowd
one upon the other in a final fit,
a terminal display
that tilts the children's faces back in bleached dismay
and sparks an infant's crying in the grass.

They do not understand, the younger ones,
what thunderheads and nebulae,
what waterfalls and momentary roses fill
the world's one aging skull,
and are relieved when in a falling veil
the last awed outburst crumbles to reveal
the pattern on the playroom wall
of tame and stable stars.

—John Updike

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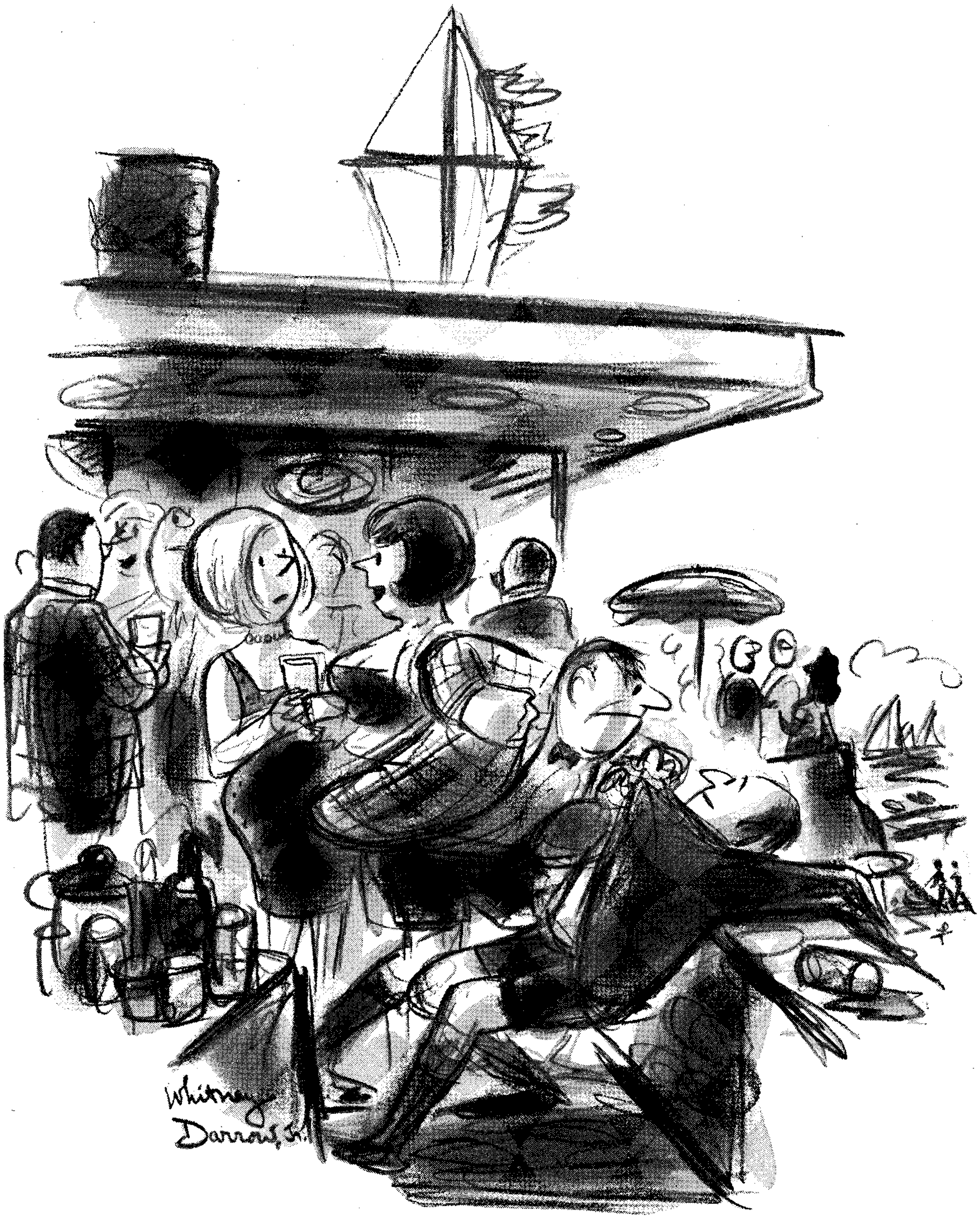
"there's everything in the kitchen."

"I'd love a drink," he said. "Will you have one with me?"

"I'll have a whiskey-and-soda," she said.

Feeling sad, heavyhearted, important, caught up on those streams of feeling that never surface, he went into the kitchen and made their drinks. When he came back into the room, she was sitting on a sofa, and he joined her there; seemed immersed in her mouth, as if it was a maelstrom; spun around thrice and sped down the length of some stupendous timelessness. The dialogue of sudden love doesn't seem to change much from country to country. We say across the pillow, in any language, "Hullo, hullo, hullo, hullo, hullo," as if we were involved in some interminable and tender transoceanic telephone conversation, and the adulteress, taking the adulterer into her arms, will cry, "Oh, my love, why are you so bitter?" She praised his hair, his neck, the declivity in his back. She smelled faintly of soap—no perfume—and when he said so, she said softly, "But I never wear perfume when I'm going to make love."

They went side by side up the narrow stairs to her bedroom—the largest room in a small house, but small at that, and sparsely furnished, like a room in a summer cottage, with old furniture that had been painted white and with a worn white rug. Her suppleness, her wiles, seemed to him like a staggering source of purity. He thought he had never known so pure, gallant, courageous, and easy a spirit. So they kept saying "Hullo, hullo, hullo, hullo" until three, when she made him leave.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Ralph can't stand it if he thinks someone doesn't like him."

• •

He walked in his garden at half past three or four. There was a quarter moon, the air was soft and the light vaporous, the clouds formed like a beach and the stars strewn among them like shells and moraines. Some flower that blooms in July—phlox or nicotiana—had scented the air, and the meaning of the vaporous light had not much changed since he was an adolescent; it now, as it had then, seemed to hold out the opportunities of romantic love. But what about the strictures of his faith? He had broken a sacred commandment, broken it repeatedly, joyously, and would break it at every opportunity he was given; therefore, he had committed a mortal sin and must be denied the sacraments of his church. But he could not alter the feeling that Mrs. Zagreb, in her knowledgeableness, represented uncommon purity and virtue and that his wife represented something less. But if these were his genuine feelings, then he must resign from the vestry, the church, improvise his own schemes of good and evil, and look for a life beyond the articles of faith. Had he known other adulterers to take Communion? He had. Was his church a social convenience, a form of hypocrisy, a means of getting ahead? Were the stirring words said at weddings and funerals no more than customs and no more religious than the custom of taking off one's hat in the elevator at Brooks Brothers when a woman enters the car? Christened, reared, and drilled in church dogma, the thought of giving up his faith was un-imaginable. It was his best sense of the miraculousness of life, the receipt of a vigorous and omniscient love, widespread and incandescent as the light of day. Should he ask the suffragan bishop to reassess the Ten Commandments, to include in their prayers some special reference to the feelings of magnanimity and love that follow sexual engorgements?

He walked in the garden, conscious of the fact that she had at least given him the illusion of playing an important romantic role, a lead—a thrilling improvement over the sundry messengers, porters, and clowns of monogamy—and there was no doubt about the fact that her praise had turned his head. Was her excitement over the declivity in his back cunning, sly, a pitiless exploitation of the enormous and deep-buried vanity in men? The sky had begun to lighten, and, undressing for bed, he looked at himself in the mirror. Yes, her praise had all been lies. His abdomen had a dismal sag. Or had it? He held it in, distended it, examined it full face and profile, and went to bed.

THE next day was Saturday, and he made a schedule for himself. Cut the lawn, clip the hedges, split some firewood, and paint the storm windows. He worked contentedly until five, when he took a shower and made a drink. His plan was to scramble some eggs and, since the sky was clear, set up his telescope, but when he had finished his drink he went humbly to the telephone and called Mrs. Zagreb. He called her at intervals of fifteen minutes until after dark, and then he got into his car and drove over to Maple Avenue. A light was burning in her bedroom. The rest of the house was dark. A large car with a state seal beside the license plate was parked under the maples, and the chauffeur was asleep in the front seat.

He had been asked to take the collection at Holy Communion, and so the next morning he did, but when he got to his knees to make his general confession he could not admit that what he had done was an offense to divine majesty. The burden of his sins was not intolerable; the memory of them was anything but grievous. He improvised a heretical thanksgiving for the constancy and intelligence of his wife, the clear eyes of his children, and the suppleness of his mistress. He did not take Communion, and when the priest fired a questioning look in his direction he was tempted to say clearly, "I am unashamedly involved in an adultery." He read the papers until three, when he called Mrs. Zagreb, and she said he could come whenever he wanted. He was there in ten minutes, and made her bones crack as soon as he entered the house. "I came by last night," he said.

"I thought you might," she said. "I know a lot of men. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," he said.

"I know a lot of men," she said. "Someday I'm going to write everything I know about men on a piece of paper and burn it in the fireplace."

"You don't have a fireplace," he said.

"That's so," she said, but they said nothing much else for the rest of the afternoon and half the night but "Hullo, hullo, hullo, hullo."

WHEN he came home the next evening, there was a letter from his wife on the hall table. He seemed to see directly through the envelope into its contents. In it she would explain intelligently and dispassionately that her old lover, Olney Pratt, had returned from Saudi Arabia and asked her to marry him. She wanted her freedom, and she hoped he would understand. She and Olney had never ceased loving one another, and they would be dishonest to their innermost selves if they denied this love another day. She was sure they could reach an agreement on the custody of the children. He had been a good provider and a patient man, but she did not wish ever to see him again.

He held the letter in his hand, thinking that his wife's handwriting expressed her femininity, her intelligence, her depth; it was the hand of a woman asking for freedom. He tore the letter open, fully prepared to read about Olney Pratt, but he read instead: "Dear Lover-bear, the nights are *terribly* cold, and I *miss* . . ." On and on it went for two pages. He was still reading when the doorbell rang. It was Doris Hamilton, a neighbor. "I know you don't answer the telephone, and I know you don't like to dine out," she said, "but I'm determined that you should have at least one good dinner this month, and I've come to shanghai you."

"Well," he said.

"Now, you march upstairs and take a shower, and I'll make myself a drink," she said. "We're going to have hot boiled lobster. Aunt Molly sent down a bushel this morning, and you'll have to help us eat them. Eddie has to go to the doctor after dinner, and you can go home whenever you like."

He went upstairs and did as he was told. When he had changed and come down, she was in the living room with a drink, and they drove over to her house in separate cars. They dined by candlelight off a table in the garden, and, washed and in a clean duck suit, he found himself contented with the role he had so recently and so passionately abdicated. It was not a romantic lead, but it had some subtle prominence. After dinner, Eddie excused himself and went off to see his psychiatrist, as he did three nights each week. "I don't suppose you've seen anyone," Doris said. "I don't suppose you know the gossip."

"I really haven't seen anyone."

"I know. I've heard you practicing the piano. Well, Lois Spinner is suing Frank, and suing the buttons off him."

"Why?"

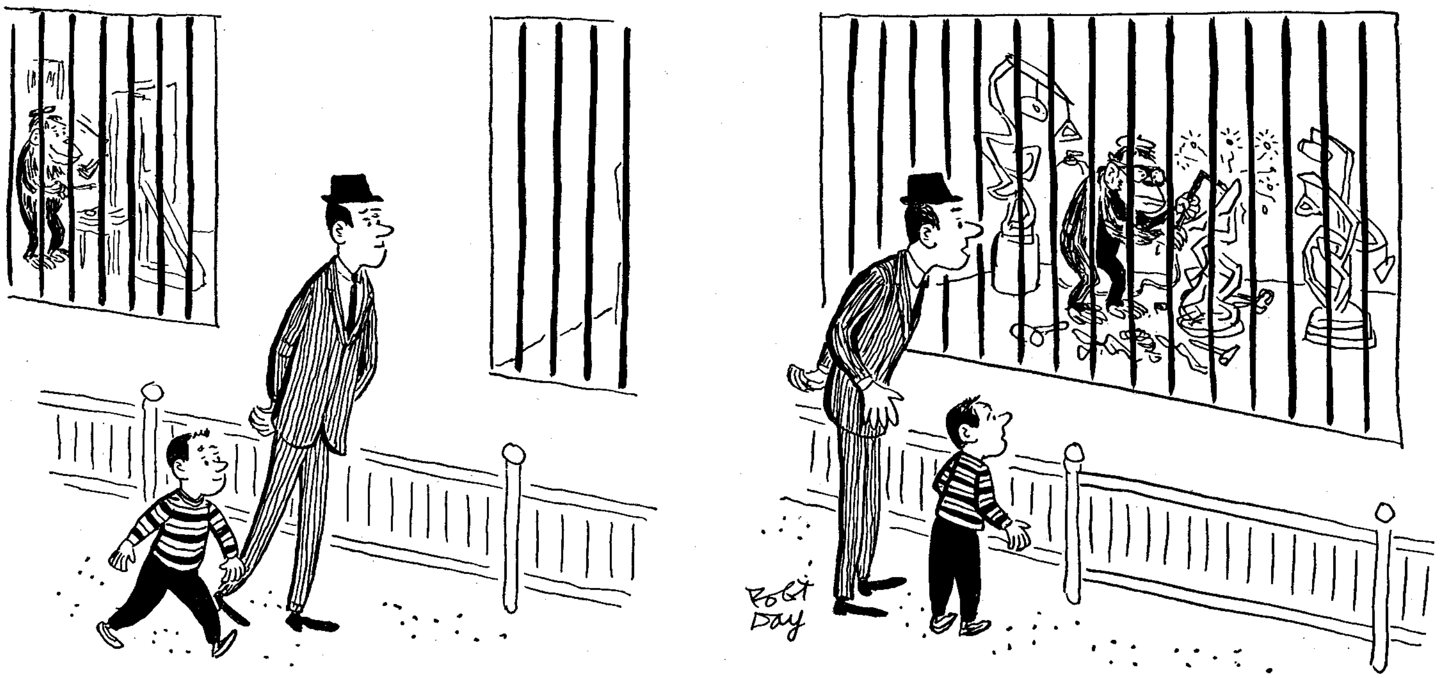
"Well, he's been carrying on with this disgusting slut, a perfectly disgusting woman. His older son, Ralph—he's a marvellous boy—saw them together in a restaurant. They were *feeding* one another. None of the children ever want to see him again."

"Men have had mistresses before," he said tentatively.

"Adultery is a mortal sin," she said gaily, "and was punished in many societies with death."

"Do you feel this strongly about divorce?"

"Oh, he had no intention of marry-



ing the pig. He simply thought he could play his dirty games, humiliate, disgrace, and wound his family, and return to their affections when he got bored. The divorce was not his idea. He's begged Lois not to divorce him. I believe he's threatened to kill himself."

"I've known men," he said, "to divide their attentions between a mistress and a wife."

"I daresay you've never known it to be done successfully," she said.

The fell truth in this had never quite appeared to him. "Adultery is a commonplace," he said. "It is the subject of most of our literature, most of our plays, our movies. Popular songs are written about it."

"You wouldn't want to confuse your life with a French farce, would you?"

The authority with which she spoke astonished him. Here was the irresistibility of the lawful world, the varsity team, the best club. Suddenly the image of Mrs. Zagreb's bedroom, whose bleakness had seemed to him so poignant, returned to him in an unsavory light. He remembered that the window curtains were torn and that those hands that had so praised him were coarse and stubby. The promiscuity that he had thought to be the wellspring of her pureness now seemed to be an incurable illness. The kindnesses she had shown him seemed perverse and disgusting. She had grovelled before his nakedness. Sitting in the summer night, in his clean clothes, he thought of Mrs. Estabrook, serene and refreshed, leading her four intelligent and handsome children across some gallery in his head. Adultery was the raw material of farce, popular music, madness, and self-destruction.

"It was terribly nice of you to have had me," he said. "And now I think I'll run along. I'll practice the piano before I go to bed."

"I'll listen," said Doris. "I can hear it quite clearly across the garden."

The telephone was ringing when he came in. "I'm alone," said Mrs. Zagreb, "and I thought you might like a drink." He was there in a few minutes, went once more to the bottom of the sea, into that stupendous timelessness, secured against the pain of living. But when it was time to go, he said that he could not see her again. "That's perfectly all right," she said. And then, "Did anyone ever fall in love with you?"

"Yes," he said, "once. It was a couple of years ago. I had to go out to Indianapolis to set up a training schedule, and I had to stay with these people—it was part of the job—and there was this terribly nice woman, and every time she saw me she'd start crying. She cried at breakfast. She cried all through cocktails and dinner. It was awful. I had to move to a hotel, and naturally I couldn't ever tell anyone."

"Good night," she said. "Good night and goodbye."

"Good night, my love," he said. "Good night and goodbye."

HIS wife called on Thursday night while he was setting up the telescope. Oh, what excitement! They were driving down the next day. His daughter was going to announce her engagement to Frank Emmet. They wanted to be married before Christmas. Photographs had to be taken, announcements sent to the papers, a tent must be rented, wine ordered, et cetera. And his son had won the sailboat races on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. "Good night, my darling," his wife said, and he fell into a chair, profoundly gratified at this requital of so many of his aspirations. He loved his daughter, he liked Frank Emmet, he even liked Frank Emmet's parents, who were rich, and the thought of his beloved son at the tiller, bringing his boat first down the last tack toward the committee launch, filled him with great cheer. And Mrs. Zagreb? She wouldn't know how to sail. She would get tangled up in the mainsheet, vomit to windward, and pass out in the cabin once they were past the point. She wouldn't know how to play tennis. Why, she wouldn't even know how to ski! Then, watched by Scamper, he dismantled the living room. In the hallway, he put a wastebasket on the love seat. In the dining room, he upended the chairs on the table and turned out the lights. Walking through the dismantled house, he felt again the chill and bewilderment of someone who has come back to see time's ruin. Then he went up to bed, singing, "*Marito in città, la moglie se ne va, il povero marito!*"

—JOHN CHEEVER

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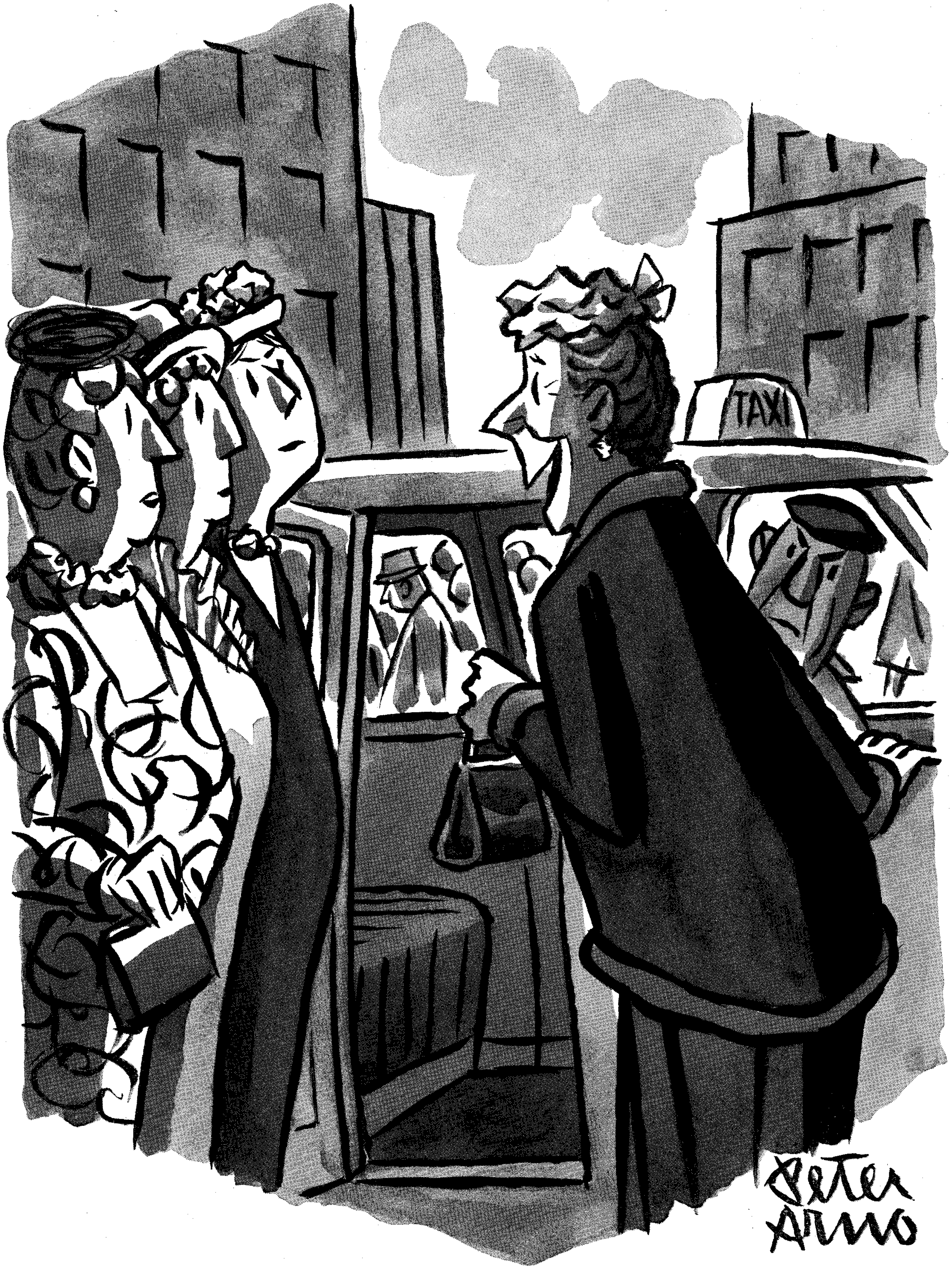
The thesis of Dr. MacDonald was that the challenges of research in space are rescuing science from its preoccupation with things small and laboratory seclusion.

"The advent of the modern rocket," he said, "foreshadows a return to the science of the 29th century."—*The Times.*

Come down out of that time machine, Mac.



TAXI
Peter Arno

"You three sit in back. I'll ride shotgun."

ALICE BLAINE

"SHUT up! Jesus God, can't you shut up awhile?" the voice said. It was a loud voice—solid, rough, heavy. "Shut up, now, Miss Parrington. It's three o'clock in the morning."

For a moment, I thought it had smothered the other voice—the slim reed voice—by its weight. I stared into the deep red that was the light coming through my closed lids, and waited for the red to darken to the black of sleep. The reed voice began again, soft, clear, tireless. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," and on and on. I built a little white fence in the redness and watched tiny lambs leaping over it. "Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four . . ." The lambs were soft gray, with their coats tightly curled and with pink ribbons tied around their necks. They were like the toy lamb John bought Jenny eight years ago, like the toy lamb before Jenny hugged and chewed and loved it into a state of near unrecognizability. "Sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine . . ." The little white fence was gone, and I saw Jenny on her cot—dark lashes curling against rosy skin, one arm flung back over her head, the other clutching the limp, battered lamb to her chest. "Eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six . . ." Surely it wasn't time to get up yet. Jenny and Pete weren't awake. Even the baby was quiet. "Ninety-nine, a hundred, a hundred and one . . ." And I was tired. God, I was so tired.

"Quit it now, Miss Parrington," the heavy voice said. "Keep that up much longer, you'll have me as nuts as you are."

The counting stopped. Through the silence came the sound of running water, and anxiety was layered on anxiety, a child's tower of blocks mounting shakily. Had I left a faucet on in the kitchen or bathroom? Perhaps Jenny or Pete had gone to get a drink. "John," I said, choking on the thick gag of sleep that stuck in my throat. "John, wake up."

"One, two, three, four, five, six," the reed voice began again. "Seven, eight, nine . . ."

"John," I said, more firmly this time. I heard my voice echo strangely—*John, John, John,* ever softer and smaller, until it was gone. A dark nucleus of fear sprang tentacles, and I shut my eyes tighter, until my forehead wrinkled and ached with strain. Still the tentacles grew, thin black threads weaving and winding inside me, crawling damp down my neck and binding my icy clenched hands.

The reed voice, interrupted, started over with cool, even persistence. "One, two, three, four, five . . ."

"John." I reached out my arm, moving it sidewise to touch John, to wake John. My knuckles touched a flat, hard, unyielding surface. There was the sound of running water. I was in the water. "John!" I shouted. This was no nightmare from which I would wake. "John!" I screamed. And I opened my eyes to the nightmare from which I knew, with a knowledge deeper and surer than words, I would not wake. *John! John!* My voice bounded from the high white ceiling and the white-tiled walls, weaving itself into a mad fabric of sound. *John!*

"Now, Mrs. Blaine, don't you go getting started with that John stuff," she said. She was standing over me, towering above the canvas sheet that covered the tub where I lay—a massive jailer of a woman in a blue cotton uniform, her heavy arms mottled red and white. "Miss Parrington's been counting for over an hour. Don't you go getting started, too."

"John," I said tentatively, hopelessly now.

"John's not here," she said. Her cheekbones were wide and jutting under oily skin. Her straw-colored hair was pulled up from her scalp and fastened in a tight little knot on top of her head. "There's nobody here but us—just you and me and them." With a meaty hand, she gestured toward the three other tubs in the room. "Next thing, we'll have Mrs. Haggerty singing 'Rockaby Baby.' You go back to sleep. Hear?"

Some part of me, I observed in a fashion that was almost detached, had been here before in this huge white room with the tiled walls and the running water. Some massive inner sponge had absorbed detail upon detail: the tubs covered with canvas, the cut-out holes through which heads came like strange growths, the feel of the canvas sling under me, the doorless cubicles—toilets—against one wall, the line of washbasins against the other. It was familiar, all of it—blond head to my right, soft wispy brown in front of me, and next to it the fourth head, darker brown, curling. Through a large, open archway in the uppermost part of the wall I could see into the next room, see the line of narrow, high cots on wheels. All familiar, and my terror receded bit by bit until there was only the dark nucleus—also familiar. "John!" I shouted almost cheerfully. *John! John! John!*

She bent down until her flat red face was close to mine, and I read her name, embroidered white on the pocket of her uniform. "Miss Jorgensen." But of course it was Miss Jorgensen. The name, too, was in a tiny cell of my inner sponge, seen before, heard before, correct. "Correct," I said, my voice curiously loud in my ears. *Correct, Correct, Correct.* I could see the coarse, oily pores of her skin, and the blackheads in her wide, flat, almost bridgeless nose. Also correct. "Right, Miss Jorgensen," I said. "Check and double check, right and correct. O.K."

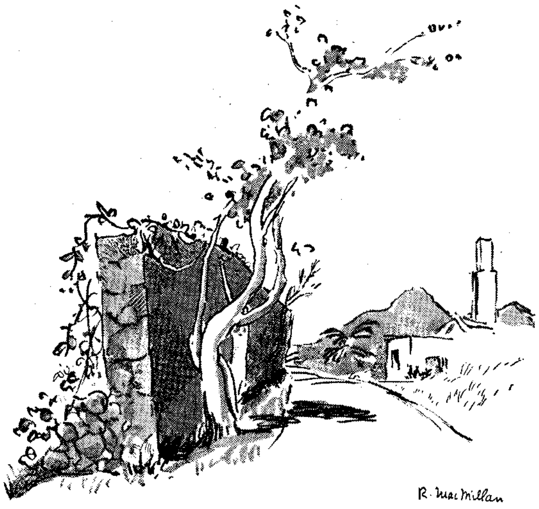
The head sprouting from the canvas-covered tub on my right turned, the head with its gleaming spun-gold hair and its exquisite, cut-glass face. The counting girl. I sought a name in my sponge but couldn't find it. "Hi, friend!" I shouted across the stretch of white-tiled floor that separated us. "How you doing?"

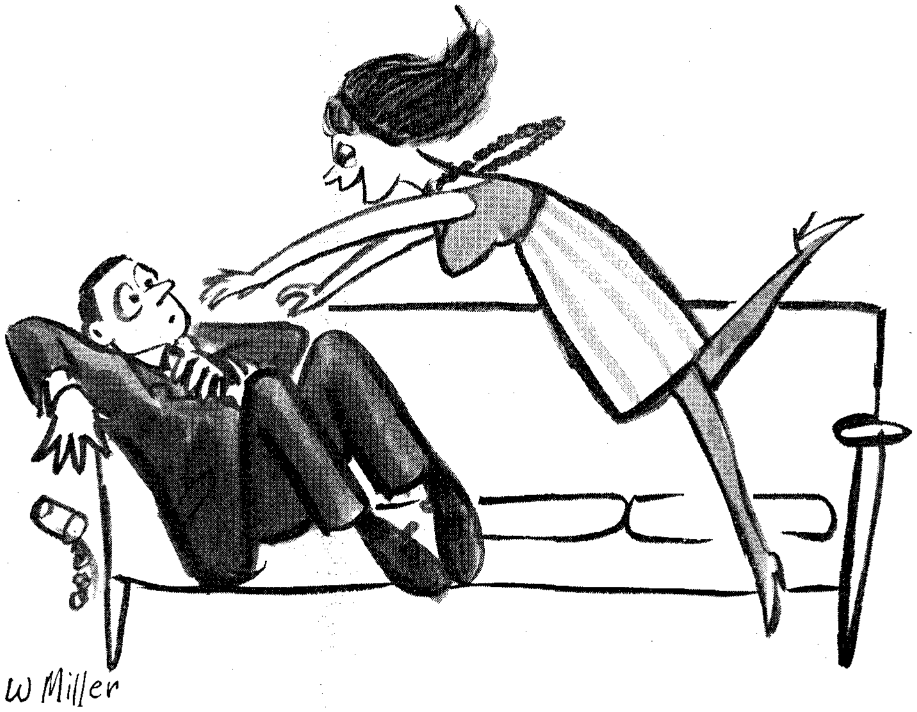
Her eyes stared, fixed, seemingly unseeing. Then she closed them, opened them, blinked several times, and moved her finely shaped mouth soundlessly.

"Can't hear you, chum!" I yelled. My voice bounced from the wall to greet me like an old friend. *Chum! Chum! Chum!* my voice said. And very softly, *Chum.*

"Be quiet, Mrs. Blaine," Miss Jorgensen said, her face still close to mine. "You want to create a ruckus like last night?" Her breath was hot against my cheek and foul-smelling, and her face seemed to be swelling like some monstrous balloon, inflated from a hidden source. "Get yourself wrapped in cold sheets again. You wouldn't like that much, would you?"

"Why don't you just go to hell?" I yelled into the swelling





"*I just got a B.A. at Bennington, and now I'm going to get* *__you__!*"

balloon face. "You'd be in proper company there, sister."

"You'd better watch yourself, Mrs. Blaine," Miss Jorgensen said, grinning.

I moved my legs up and down in the water a couple of times, experimentally, and stirred up a fine churn. "Go to hell."

The soft wispy brown head in front of me twisted until I could see about three-quarters of the face—a monochrome, eyes slightly darker than hair, sweet-curving pinkish-tan mouth. "Ah, now we have Mrs. Haggerty with us," Miss Jorgensen said. "Isn't that nice? Isn't that just the nicest thing?"

"Good morning," I said, and, seeking a name, this time I found one. "Good morning, Jan. How's the water in your private pool?"

"Same as usual," she said, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced. "Damp."

"That's a shame," I said. "Maybe Miss Jorgensen will fix it. Or go to hell. Or sit down."

The balloon face hovered above mine a moment longer, then floated upward as Miss Jorgensen straightened, turned, and settled herself in her chair under the wall light. "Don't you two start cutting up, now," she said, her voice thudding, heavy with finality.

"Wouldn't think of it," I said, listening for echoes. I tried it an octave higher, and a little louder. "Wouldn't think of it. Would you, Jan?"

"I'd think of it," Jan said. "Sure, I'd think of it. Why shouldn't I think of it?"

"I don't know," I said in my new, high voice. "Maybe you should think of it."

"I can't," Jan said sadly, and her sweet, upcurving mouth drooped. "My head's all thick inside."

The sadness in her voice floated toward me and settled, a pale-gray cloud. "We could sing!" I shouted through the cloud. "How about if we sang a little something?"

"We could sing," Jan said.

Miss Jorgensen sighed vastly, her whole huge self heaving in the straight-backed wooden chair. "You could be quiet, both of you, like Miss Rogers over there. She never carries on like you do."

I looked over at the fourth tub, next to Jan's, at the damply curling brown head motionless against the canvas sheet, the upside-down face soft and flushed. "God help us." The words wrote themselves across the inside of my skull in heavy black letters. "God help us. God help us." I read them twice through, and then blinked hard to make them go away. "O.K., then. Let's sing."

" 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' " Jan announced in a small-girl voice—a child before the weekly school assembly, pleased, shy, a little frightened.

"Great!" I shouted. "Real rousing and great. You start her off, O.K.?" From my right came a soft, mewing sound. The golden girl was watching me, moving her lips, whimpering. "What does she want?" I yelled at Jan. "She's saying something, but I can't make it out."

"Who?" Jan said vaguely.

"Her." I jerked my head sidewise. "I can't seem to remember her name."

Jan knit her tan brows briefly, then nodded above the flat stretch of canvas. "Binnie," she said. "Her name's Binnie."

"Oho!" I said. "Well, what does she want?" I listened again to the whimper, rising in volume. "What's up, Binnie girl?"

Jan had twisted about, her chin resting on the canvas. "Binnie," she said. "Binnie, it's me. It's Janet."

The golden head jerked erect. The whimpering stopped. "Janet," Binnie said in a cool, clear little voice.

"That's right," Jan said encouragingly. "Janet. Don't you like 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'? We could sing something else, couldn't we, Alice?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure, we could sing something else."

"You could be quiet," Miss Jorgensen said from her chair under the light, the words thumping. "You could go to sleep."

"It's not that," Binnie said, her beautiful face expressionless, the pupils black in her light-gray eyes. "I have to go to the bathroom." Pink tinged the white cheeks.

"Oh," Janet said. And, to Miss Jorgensen, relaying a message, "She has to go to the bathroom."

"Let her go, then. Who's stopping her?" Miss Jorgensen's fat pink tongue crawled forward between her teeth and licked at her lower lip.

"How the hell do you expect her to get out of that tub?" I yelled.

"Who expects anything?" Miss Jorgensen's voice was softer, with a remote quality in it.

"She said she'd hit me if I messed in my bed again," Binnie said hoarsely. "I have to get up."

"Get her out of that tub!" I shouted.

Miss Jorgensen was silent, her tongue moving from side to side over her lip, one hand stroking her upper thigh rhythmically.

"You bitch." Jan's voice was too sweet, too gentle.

"Bitch!" I yelled. "Bloody bitch. Get her out of there."

Miss Jorgensen did not appear to hear us. Her face was reddening. Slowly her tongue moved back and forth over her lower lip, slowly her hand stroked her heavy thigh, outlined now under blue cotton. She was watching Binnie, her eyes remote and foggy, staring at that beautiful head held upright on its stalk-straight neck. Binnie's head started to shake in denial, but for another moment her face remained impassive. Then it twisted, contorted, her head fell briefly forward and then back against the canvas. "One, two, three," Binnie said, eyes closed. "Four, five, six, seven, eight . . ."

Fury gathered until I was swollen with it. Jan had turned away, closing her soft brown eyes. "Eighteen, nineteen, twenty," Binnie counted. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three . . ." My mouth was dry with rage, and my throat ached with it. "Get me a drink of water," I said. "I want a drink."

Miss Jorgensen's eyes cleared and came back into focus. Her face paled a little. She shook herself all over like some large animal after a bath. "Such a fuss," she said complacently. "The water's changing in those things all the time."

"I'm thirsty," I said. "I want some water."

Miss Jorgensen leaned back in her chair. "Go to sleep."

"I want some water."

"O.K., O.K." Miss Jorgensen rose wearily.

She walked past me, a moving blue mountain, toward the water cooler that I knew without looking stood in the corner, at a sharp angle from the top of my head. "One, two, three," Binnie counted. "Four, five, six . . ." Jan lay quiet, eyes closed, upper teeth biting into lower lip, and in the fourth tub the girl with the curling brown hair remained motionless, a statue carved of flesh. I sucked at the insides of my dry mouth. At first there was nothing, but then the saliva came, collecting in a warm little pool under my tongue, rising to the roof of my mouth. I waited, tense, listening for the sounds of Miss Jorgensen's returning footsteps. "Eighteen, nineteen, twenty," Binnie said. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three . . ."

Miss Jorgensen was back, standing above me, bending toward me, a cone-shaped paper cup in her hand. She bent lower and lower until there was only that huge, swelling red obscenity of a face. Only that face, the face of some monstrous ugliness bigger than all of us, stronger than all of us. And I spat.

"Forty-four, forty-five, forty-six," Binnie said. "Forty-seven . . ." My spittle was on Miss Jorgensen's face, just under her left eye, rolling down her round, reddening cheek. Miss Jorgensen's eyes were gleaming, sharp, brilliant with fury. She reached into her pocket for a handkerchief and wiped her cheek. Then, rising a little, she lifted one heavy hand close to my cheek and drew it back, watching, calculating the distance. Inside me, fear crouched, cowering, but I held my head rigid. Binnie was counting off the seconds: "Sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three . . ."

Miss Jorgensen's uplifted arm was poised, a punitive club. "Sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one," Binnie counted.

Miss Jorgensen's arm trembled and dropped to her side. "They might just believe you." She laughed—a thick, unamused sound in the back of her throat. "Lunatic," she said contemptuously, standing over me. "Crazy, raving lunatic."

GRAY morning light came through the two windows, one on either side of the washbasins that lined one wall. It was morning, then. But what morning? In front of me, Jan lay in one tub, asleep, and in the other the curly-haired girl remained, frozen. Binnie was gone, though. A newcomer, with dark-red hair and a very white face, was in her tub. Miss Jorgensen was gone, too, replaced by a rosy little student nurse, her blue-and-white striped uniform covered with a starched white apron, a wide-winged bird of a cap perched on her head, and her stubby-fingered child hands folded primly in her lap. What day? Time, dough in a bowl, rose, doubling, trebling in bulk, and I was in the middle of the swelling, yeasty mass—lost. "What day is it?" I asked.

"Thursday," the little student said. "How are you, Mrs. Blaine?"

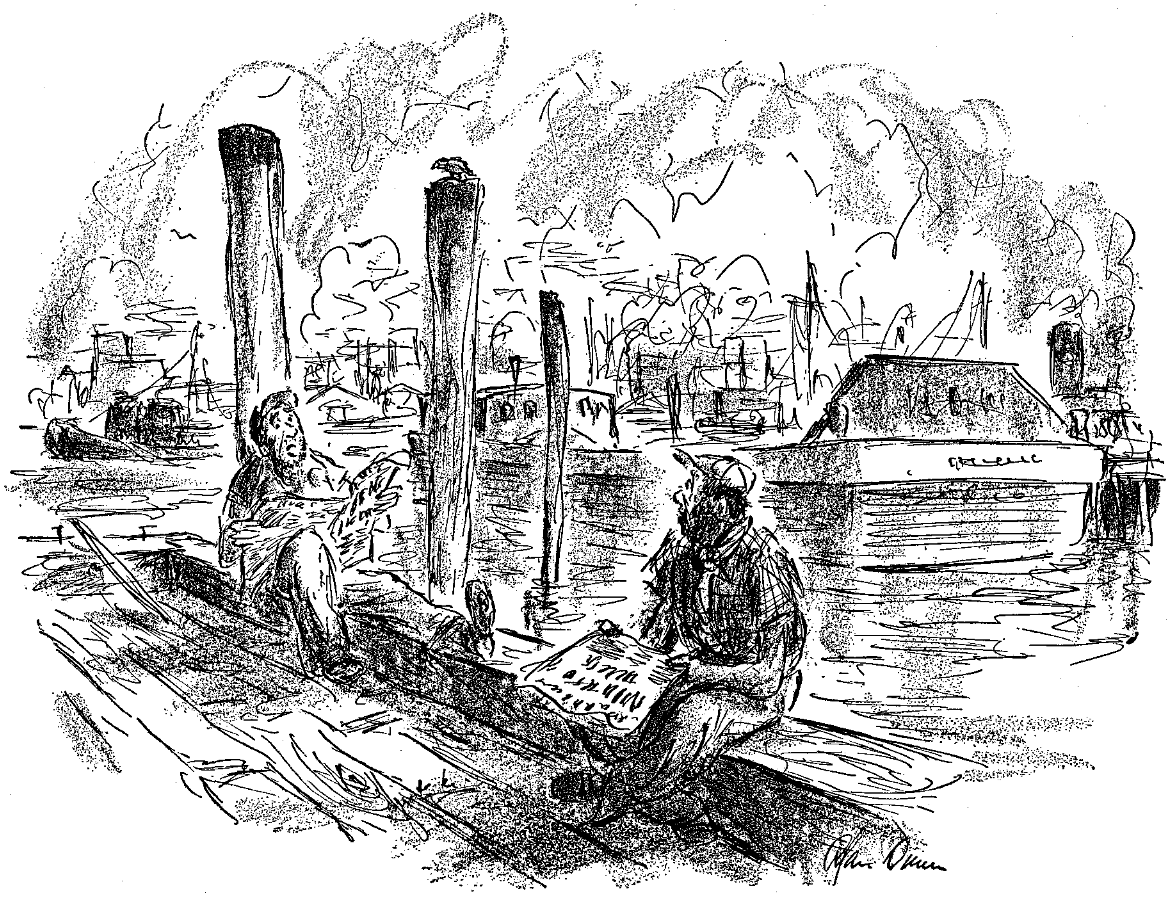
Thursday. I stretched in the tepid water, wiggling my toes, and a thought, a shiny bright firefly, glowed and was gone. "O.K.," I said. "Waterlogged."

She looked at her watch. "You'll be getting out in a bit."

"Goodo. Great. Also hurrah." My firefly was back, this time with friends. They flickered, danced about in a frenzy, and formed themselves into a question mark, complete with dot at bottom. "What Thursday?"

"Gee, I'm not sure, Mrs. Blaine. The fourteenth. Maybe the fifteenth."

"Oho. Maybe the fifteenth." I considered the high white ceiling. I stared



"Does this war on poverty refer to the current fiscal year?"

lengthily at Jan's wispy hair. I glanced at the red-headed girl in the tub next to me. "Where's Binnie?"

"Miss Parrington? She's in bed, sleeping."

"Right," I said. "O.K. What's the redhead's name?"

"Mrs. Barr. You remember, Mrs. Blaine. She's been on the hall quite a while."

"Right," I said. "Mrs. Barr. Kate." Thursday, the fifteenth. Maybe the fourteenth. But time moved forward, not backward. At least, time used to move forward, not backward. The girl was a bit off on her dates. It should be—what? The fifteenth of what? "Which fifteenth?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Blaine," the girl said. "Which fifteenth?"

"Month. Which month?"

"It's July, Mrs. Blaine," she said.

"July?" I laughed, somewhat uneasily. "Look, kiddo, you can't just dispose of a couple of months like that. If this is July, what, precisely, happened to June, and a sizable slice of May?"

"You've been ill, Mrs. Blaine. You're getting better now."

"Ill? Me? It's John who's been ill, youngster." It's John who's been ill. John. John. My head was filling with fog—murky, gray green.

"You've been ill."

I was moving through fog, blind with it. John. Blind with it, deaf with it, dumb with it, hands outstretched, groping.

"But you're better now. You're doing just fine now."

I was falling over the edge, into a great nothingness. I closed my eyes, and I was falling, and my stomach was falling faster than the rest of me, and I was going to be sick. I heard a retching, gagging sound, and that was me, about to be sick.

"You're going to be all right, Mrs. Blaine. You're really much better than you were."

I opened my mouth and gulped warm, humid air.

"Honest, Mrs. Blaine."

"Honest, kiddo?" I looked at her. She was standing at the side of the tub, incredibly young, with her skin soft and pink as a baby's, and the whites of her eyes very clear, very white. And I had a sudden vision of myself, seen—when?—in the narrow strip of glass above the line of washbasins, a hollow-cheeked creature, tall, gaunt, with wild black hair strangely streaked with gray, and eyes red-veined, slightly mad but undeniably mine. "You've been here before, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I've been on Four for almost a week."

"Four?"

"It's—" She hesitated, then continued. "It's the disturbed hall."

The disturbed hall? A boulder loomed in my path. I examined it briefly, and skirted around it. "I'm afraid I don't remember your name."

"Johnson," she said. "Susie Johnson."

"I used to be pretty good on names. Now I'm not sure I know my own."

"That's just the shock treatments, Mrs. Blaine. Everyone has that trouble. You don't have to worry about it any."

"Everyone." I looked at her, and it seemed incredible that anyone could be that young, unlined, untouched. "How old are you, youngster? Miss Johnson."

"Eighteen."

"Eighteen. Well, I've got ten years on you. That is, if I haven't lost a year or two in this madhouse." Madhouse—the word had slipped out from behind tightly locked doors. All right, then, I thought wearily. All right, all right.

"You haven't lost a year."

"Good," I said. "O.K." Jan was awake again, turning, smiling—good

ON THE CIRCUIT

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Miami or L.A.,

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By whose election justified
I bring my gospel of the Muse
To fundamentalists, to nuns,
To Gentiles and to Jews,

And daily, seven days a week,
Before a local sense has jelled,
From talking-site to talking-site
Am jet-or-prop-propelled.

Though warm my welcome everywhere,
I shift so frequently, so fast,
I cannot now say where I was
The evening before last,

Unless some singular event
Should intervene to save the place,
A truly asinine remark,
A soul-bewitching face,

Or blessed encounter, full of joy,
Unscheduled on the Giesen Plan,
With, here, an addict of Tolkien,
There, a Charles Williams fan.

Since Merit but a dunghill is,
I mount the rostrum unafraid;
Indeed, 'twere damnable to ask
If I am overpaid.

Spirit is willing to repeat
Without a qualm the same old talk,
But Flesh is homesick for our snug
Apartment in New York.

A sulky fifty-six, He finds
A change of mealtime utter hell,
Grown far too crotchety to like
A luxury hotel.

The Bible is a goodly book
I always can peruse with zest,
But really cannot say the same
For Hilton's *Be My Guest*,

Nor bear with equanimity
The radio in students' cars,
Muzak at breakfast or—dear God!—
Girl-organists in bars,

Then, worst of all, the anxious thought,
Each time my plane begins to sink
And the No Smoking sign comes on,
What will there be to drink?

Is this a milieu where I must
(How grahamgreeneish! How infra dig!)
Snatch from the bottle in my bag
An analeptic swig? . . .

Another morning comes: I see,
Dwindling below me on the plain,
The roofs of one more audience
I shall not see again.

God bless the lot of them, although
I don't remember which was which;
God bless the U.S.A., so large,
So friendly, and so rich.

—W. H. Auden

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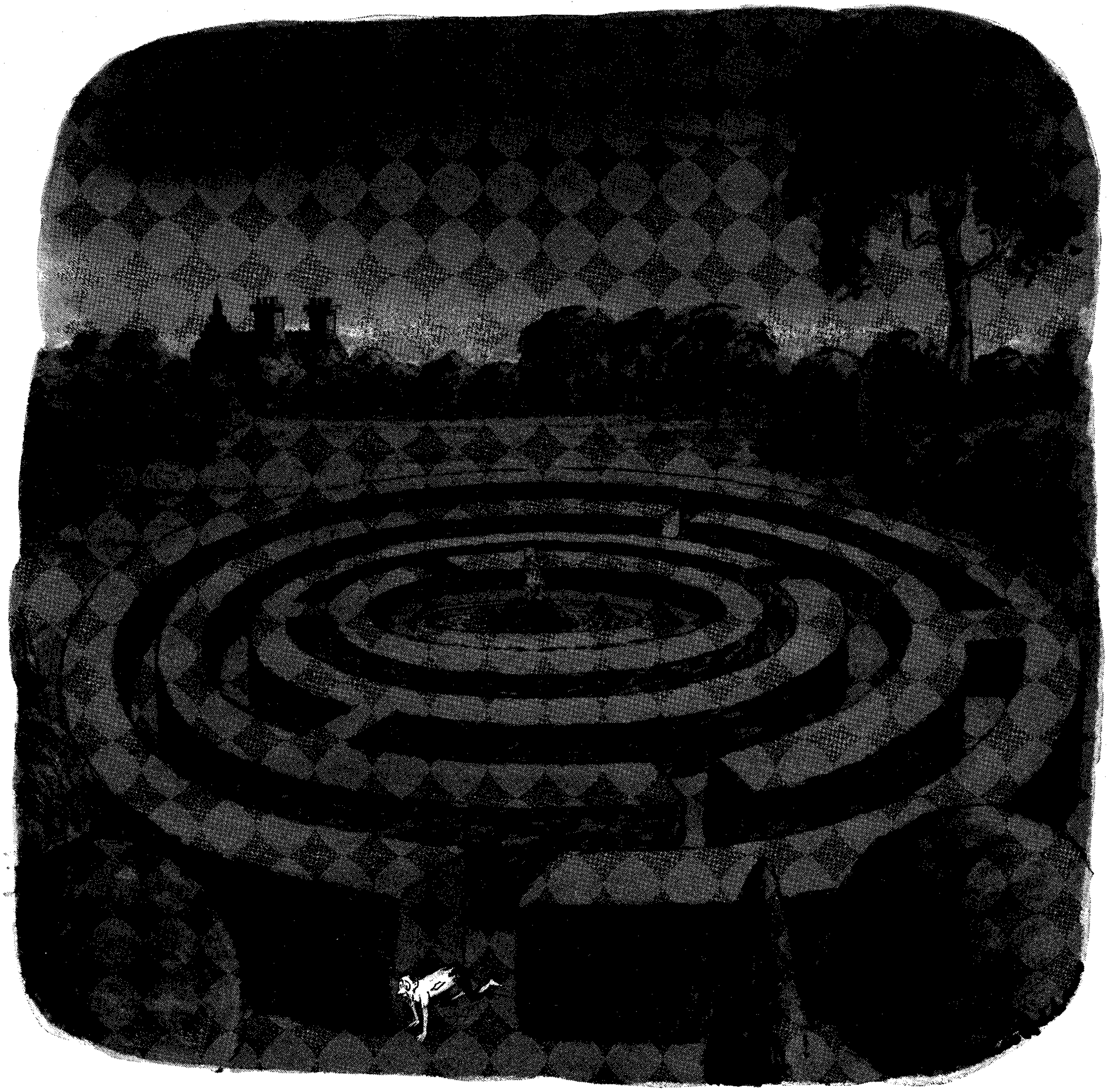

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old friend, old Jan. "Greetings, Janet," I said.

"Thank you," Jan said. "Good morning."

"Jim-dandy morning." It was better with Jan awake. "I was going to tell Miss Johnson something. She's eighteen."

"Is she?" Jan said. "That's nice."

"So I was going to tell her the hell with it. Might take her years to figure it out for herself. To hell with it, Miss Johnson."

"To hell with what, Mrs. Blaine?"

"With it," I said, enthusiastic now. "Don't you think to hell with it, Jan?"

"Yes," Jan said. "I think to hell with it. I think maybe we're in it. Hell, I mean."

"Nope," I said. "We're in another, very similar but not identical, place. What's the name of it, Miss Johnson?"

"Woodlands, Mrs. Blaine. It's the shock that makes you forget."

"Yeah," I said. "Woodlands. Woodlands, Jan lamb. Inmates of. That's where we are."

"Same thing," Jan said, yawning widely.

"No, ducko," I said, and I was about to explain that it was merely similar when Jan's head jerked forward.

They were bringing a girl into the next room, a skinny, short girl in a white hospital gown that flapped open in the back. Her almost skeletal body had gone limp, as if in protest, and two student nurses were half pulling, half carrying her. "Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!" she was screaming in a thin, high, not quite human voice. A tall, lean nurse followed them, moving across the room with swift competence. The nurse moved out of sight. The students pulled the gown off the girl, and she was framed in the archway, under the brilliant ceiling light—naked, emaciated, with her pelvic bones jutting sharp, and her legs sticks with round, swollen knees. "Let me go! Let me go!" she screamed, writhing feebly between the two stocky students.

The nurse was back in view, in her hands a sheet dripping on the white tiled floor. I shivered, remembering with my flesh the inescapable icy wetness. They were surrounding her now,

GO
WITH
GOLDWATER
O'BRIAN

the three of them, binding her, mummylike, lifting her onto one of the high wheeled cots. “Let me go!” she screamed, a bound animal, immobile under the shining light, only her head moving frantically from side to side.

“She’s starved,” Jan said. “God, she can’t weigh more than sixty or seventy pounds.”

“She’s starving herself,” Miss Johnson said. “She’s sick.”

I lay in the water, watching the white, competent nurse walk briskly away, followed by one of the students, watching the second student settle herself on a high white stool next to that twisting, tortured head. The head was thrashing from one side to the other and back again, over and over. Then the head was centered, still, and the body rose, resting on head and feet, curving upward, fixed in a thin arc of anguish. And I remembered when Jenny was born and I was lying on a high wheeled table, bound down, screaming into a black cone that covered my face. A voice was saying, “Take it easy, now. It’s almost over.” I was screaming into the blurry blackness. “Take it easy,” the voice said. I could feel my body rising from the table, and my insides were being ripped to bloody bits.

I could feel myself curving, arching in the tepid water. “Take it easy, Mrs. Blaine,” Miss Johnson said.

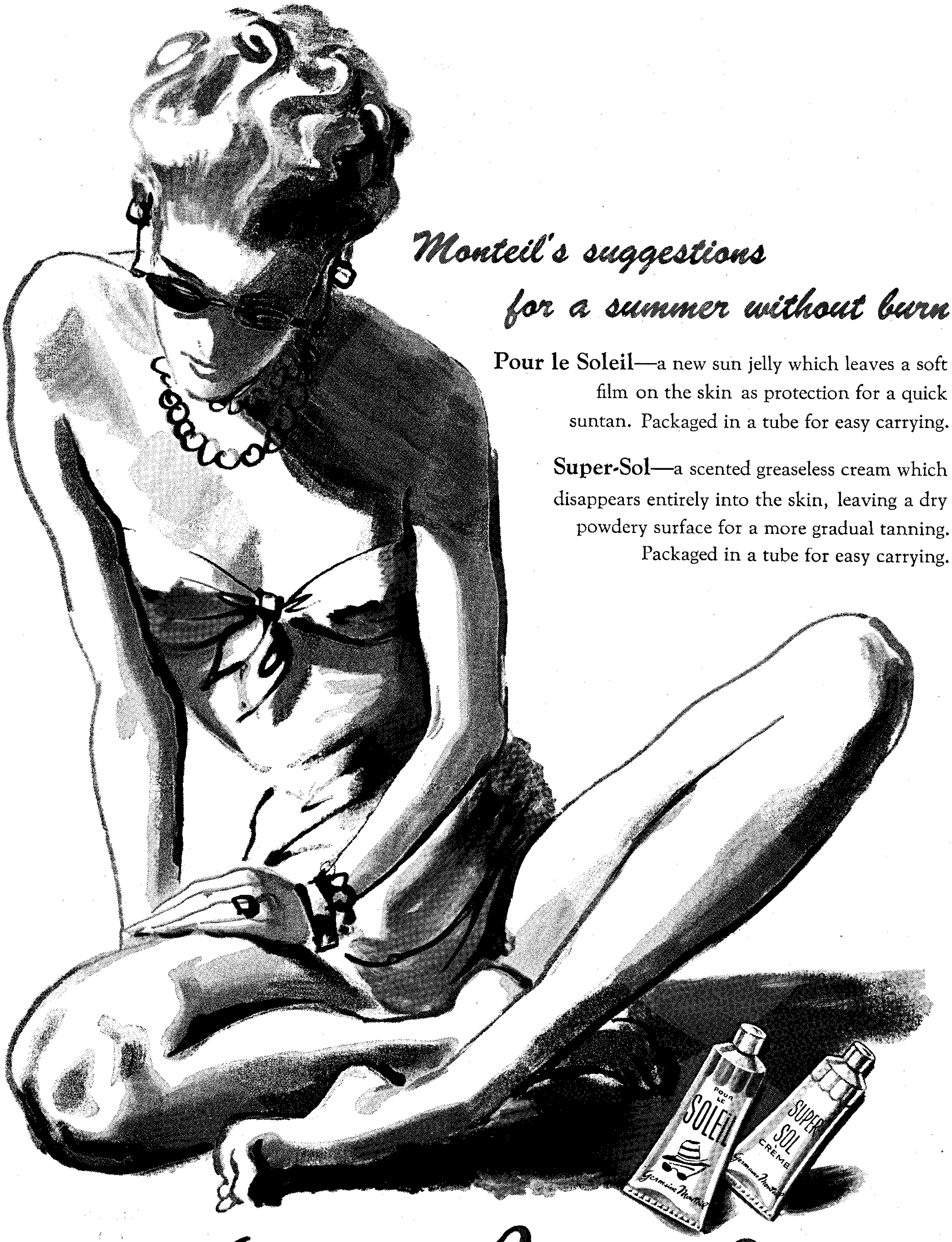
Somewhere someone was screaming, “I can’t stand it! I can’t!” And then the words blurred and there was only the scream.

THE room was tiny, the walls pale powdery blue, the floor black asphalt tile, the ceiling tan dotted squares, some sort of soundproof material. I sat up and swung my legs over the side of the cot, a tightly webbed affair, metal legs cemented down, the mattress thin, hard, leather-covered. I stood up with the tile cool against my bare feet and paced the area, length and width. Vaguely, a childhood game returned to me. “You may take six giant steps, Alice,” I told myself. “May I?” I asked myself cagily, remembering the rules of the game just in time. “Yes,” I told myself. “Yes, you may.” Six giant steps took me to a small square window at the far end of my cell. I looked out through the double-paned glass into a courtyard, deeply, lushly green with summer, splashed here and there with clumps of flowers, red and yellow. It was July. Someone had told me it was July.

I was aware abruptly that I was naked except for a short white hospital gown open in the back, and, reaching behind, I clutched at the bottom edges in sudden embarrassment. I turned then and walked to the other end of the room; this, too, had a small window of double-paned glass. Through it I could see a section of the black-floored, white-walled corridor. On a table against the wall, Binnie sat, golden, cross-legged, clad in the same scanty fashion as myself. She was swaying up and back, gently and rhythmically. Her long yellow hair was a glory. Her lips were moving as she swayed.

“Binnie!” I yelled. “Hey, Binnie!” I banged at the door with my palms and then my knuckles, and winced with the pain. I looked at my hands. They were red front and back, and the knuckles looked raw. There was a brown scab on my right hand. I must have been hammering at the door before, hammering at great length, but I couldn’t remember. I turned away—away from the corridor, away from Binnie—and I walked the short distance to the window, turned, walked, paced the cell floor.

“It must be hell to be caged,” John said to me once. “It must be hell.” We were sitting on a bench in the Central Park Zoo, eating peanuts we’d bought from a vender, throwing one occasionally to a bright-eyed squirrel who had joined us. In front of us, the hyena paced, a mangy, gray, nervous creature, moving endlessly across the width of its cage, keeping close to the bars, eyes fixed on the concrete floor, dreaming God knows what dreams of freedom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lost. "We ought to get him out," John said. "Christ, someone ought to get him out."

"Yes," I said. "Someone ought."

John's hair flamed orange in the summer sun. His face was all flat planes and angles, a prism face, changing with each shift of position, each passing shadow. "It must be hell to be caged," he said. I could feel him tense next to me, leaning forward slightly, following with his eyes the up-and-back movements of the hyena. "It must be hell."

"Mmm," I said. I was tense, too, watching, swaying a little from side to side. Part of me was pacing with that mangy animal, up and back, up and back. I stood suddenly, holding out a hand to John, "Let's run," I said. "Let's climb a tree. Let's go rowing."

"O.K." John stood beside me, skinny and very tall, so tall that I felt almost small next to him. He smiled down at me, and his eyes were soft and brown and beautiful. "Let's walk. Let's find a place. O.K.?"

"O.K.," I said. We wandered through the Park that afternoon as we had wandered all that sun-drenched, golden summer. And we found a place, very quiet and hidden and green. Afterward, I lay there watching the leaves make shadowy patterns on John's shirt. I was eighteen that summer. Just eighteen.

Six giant steps. You may take six giant steps to the window that will not open, Alice, six giant steps to the door that will not open, Alice. God, God, God. I sat on the cot with its legs cemented into the floor, and I stared at the floor, and then I twisted off the bed and knelt, bare-kneed, on the floor. God, holy, suffering God. Once, there was a God to whom I used to pray—a gentle, bleeding God. I knelt long hours at the side of another bed, our bed. *Only let this war be over and John be all right. Only let John be all right.* I had a thin gold ring then that cut into my finger when I pressed my hands together. Only let John be all right. I looked again at my hand, my naked, raw-knuckled, ringless hand, my lost hand that was a piece of my lost self.

There was the sound of keys jangling, the sound of a door opening, and I rose, clutching the hospital gown in the back, reddening for the indecent shortness of it. One of the young doctors stood just inside my cell, one of the blurring bunch of brown-suited, tweed-suited, fair-haired, dark-haired young men, nameless, sometimes faceless young men who had been flickering in and out of view, half caught by a broken camera, projected on a misshapen screen. "My ring," I said. "Where's my ring?"

This one was in gray flannel, pale, with heavy lemon-colored hair and thick, soft curving lips. "Good morning, Mrs. Blaine," he said, his voice sweet and cold as Italian ice. "Your ring's quite safe. You'll get it back when you're better." A small, compact Oriental-looking nurse stood just in back of him, silent and watchful. "How are you feeling?"

"Jim-crack dandy." I yanked my mouth into a grin. "Just great. Where are my clothes?"

"You won't be needing them this morning."

"I won't?" Curiosity twinned with terror, and I abandoned them both.

"No," he said. "Not this morning."

An obese young girl, her arms and legs dripping with flesh, and her face white and puffy and sullen under greasy black hair, appeared in the doorway, stepped inside, and stood next to the nurse. She was wearing a beltless cotton sack of a dress, not quite clean, and dirty tennis shoes with open, dragging laces. "It all stinks," she said. "Christ, it stinks."

"Now, Miss Rich," the nurse said flatly, indifferently. "You don't want to go on like that."

The blond young man turned to the nurse. "I think Mrs. Blaine might walk around a bit," he said. He had an immaculate white handkerchief in his jacket pocket, and he was blurring, blurring until there was only the handkerchief, and an image arose, superimposing itself on the cool blond young man. My father was there—gray suit, white handkerchief. My father was there telling me to go and get a cup of coffee.

"It stinks as much out there as it does in here," Miss Rich said.

"It's the smell of death," I said. "Like a filthy animal being sick in a corner."

Miss Rich smiled a yellow-toothed smile in the middle of puffy whiteness. "It sure does stink."

"All right, now, ladies," the compact, almond-eyed nurse said. And we were walking into the corridor, the blond young man—or was it my father?—Miss Rich, myself. The nurse

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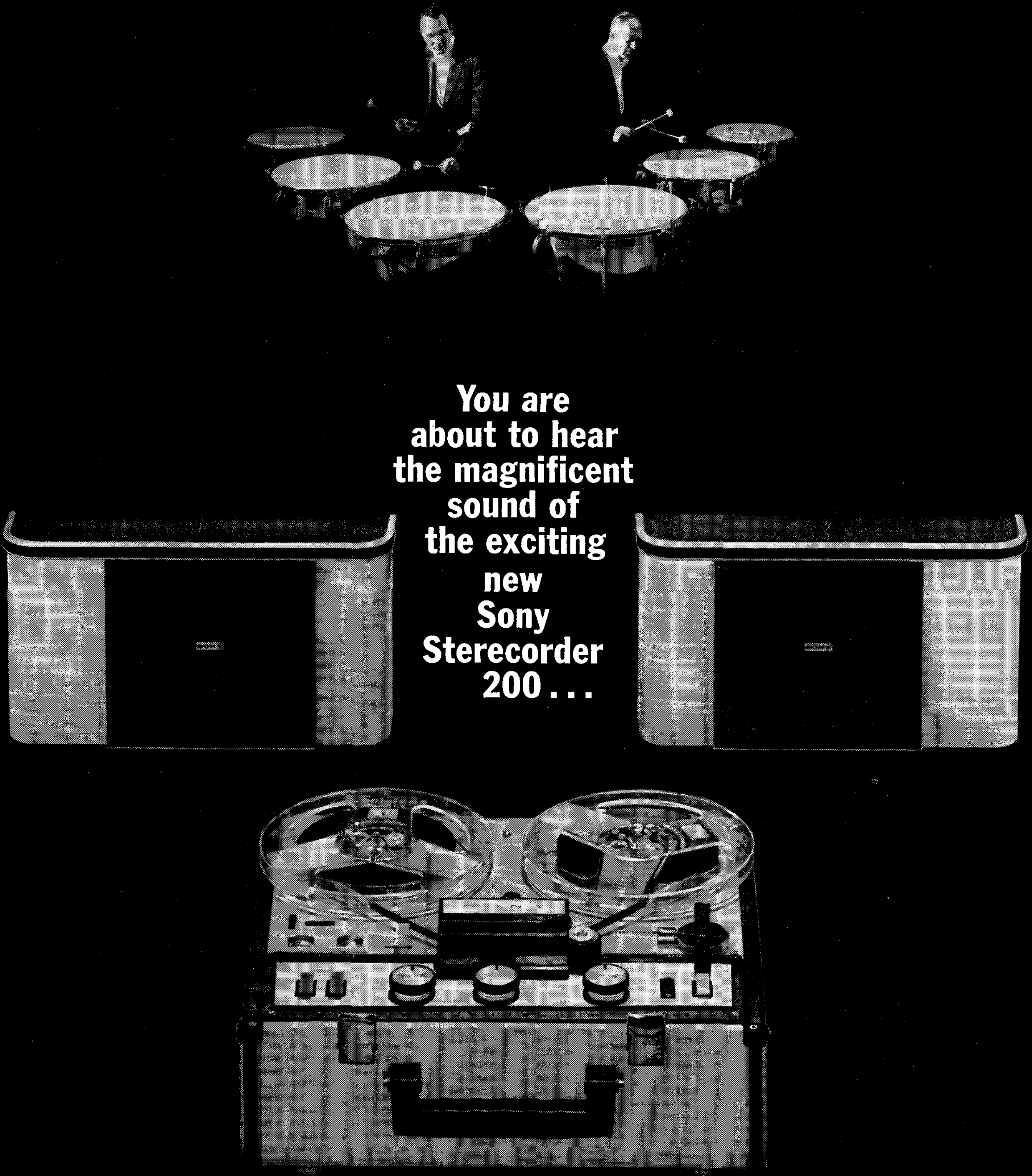
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came last, stopping to lock the door with one of the keys that hung in a bunch from a rope tied round her waist. The white walls stretched long, broken on one side by windowed cell doors, on the other by arches, openings to the room with the tubs and the cots on wheels. Student nurses, blue-and-white splotches against the black floor and white paint, lounged about, strolled in low-heeled shoes, into focus and then out. I dug my knuckles hard into my eyes, looked again, and there was Binnie, beautiful Binnie, still cross-legged on the wooden table, still rocking. "Hi, Binnie," I said.

She looked up without stopping her backward, forward movement. Her eyes flickered with faint recognition, her lips parted slightly, closed again, and she was gone, buried somewhere in that beautiful rocking body. I wanted to cry. "Sissies cry," John used to say scornfully when we were little kids. I could see him again, my red-headed idol, two years older than I was, smarter than anyone, my brother's best friend. And I could hear his high, strong voice. "Sissies cry."

"It stinks, huh?" Miss Rich said.

"Right," I said. "You bet."

She was standing close to me, almost directly in front, smelling of sweat and old dirt, with a thick growth of black hair on her arms and bare legs, and fuzz on her upper lip, like an adolescent boy. Her eyes were small and dark and sunken, and the flesh of her cheeks swelled almost to her lower lids. "I've been here a year," she said proudly. "Anything you want to know about this stinking dump, you just ask me."

"Right," I said. "I'll do that." It was then that I noticed the two little holes, one on either side of her head, healed-over indentations. My hands rose in panic to my own head. Had they hacked my brain, too? I felt slowly, carefully, moving the tips of my fingers from my cheekbones upward to the hairline.

"Before that, I was in high school. I was one smart girl," Miss Rich said.

"Yes." I dropped my hands to my sides.

"You just ask me. Ask me anything."

"O.K."

"You want to know where your friend is?"

"Friend?"

"Janet. Your friend Janet."

"Yes," I said. "O.K. Where's my friend Janet?"

"There," Miss Rich said triumphantly, jerking her heavy, butchered

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head to the right. "There she comes."

And there Jan came, walking down the corridor in a hospital gown and canvas slippers, one arm outstretched, hand moving along the wall, as though she was having difficulty keeping her balance. "See?" Miss Rich said. "You just ask me. I'm one smart girl."

"You are that," I said.

"Know why none of you have any clothes this morning?" She shifted her sunken eyes swiftly from Binnie to Janet to me.

"Why?"

"Shock this morning." She grinned her yellow grin, then she turned away, shouting over her shoulder, "You just ask me."

A lounging student nurse moved from her place against the wall. "Going somewhere, Miss Rich?"

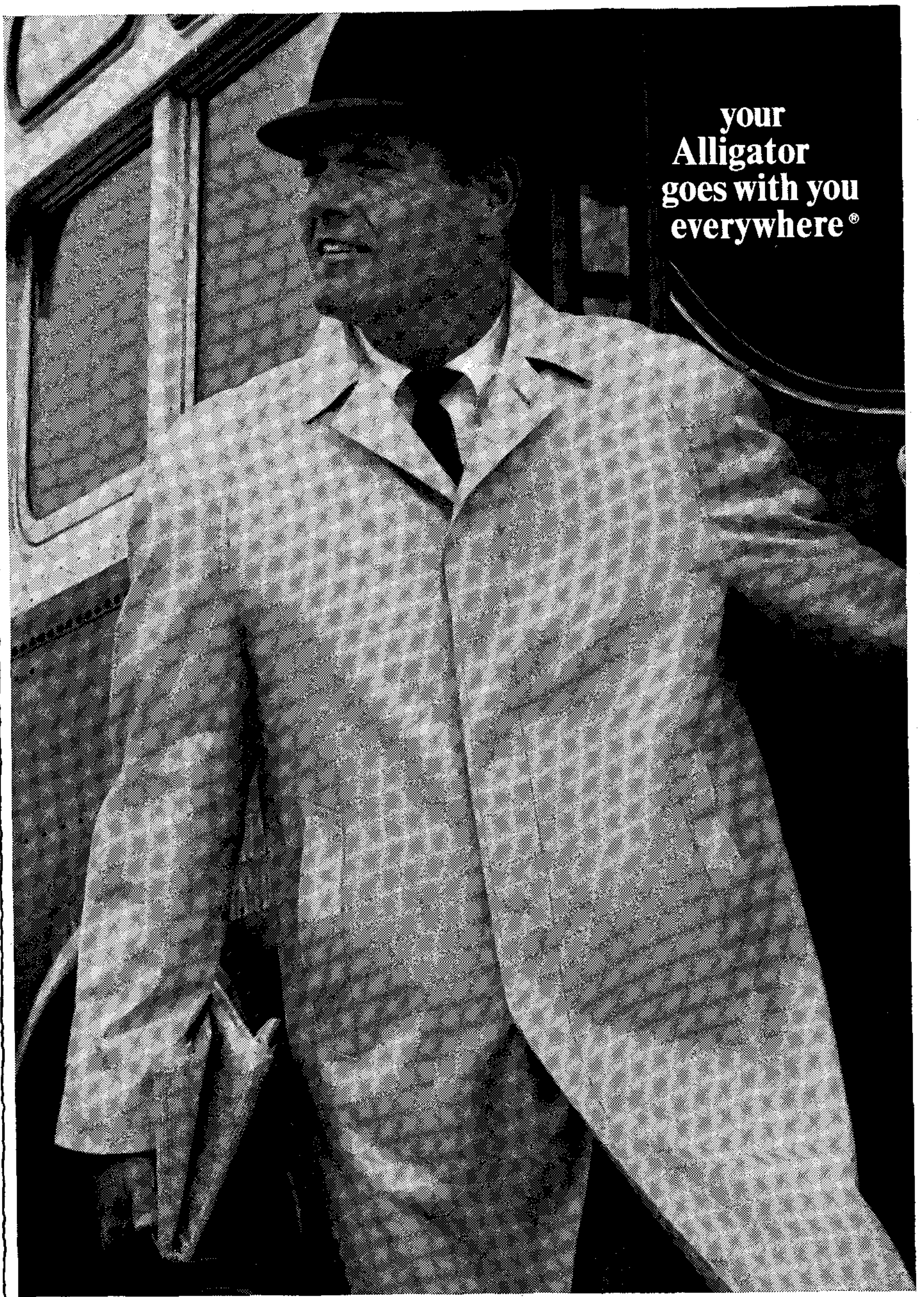
"To hell," Miss Rich said, lumbering down the corridor, a clumsy, shapeless animal, with a crisp, tiny-waisted, blue-dressed girl walking firmly and evenly beside her. The long hall filled suddenly with a wild imitation of laughter. "To hell!" Miss Rich shouted.

SHOCK. We were going to shock. Terror rose, wave upon icy wave, and I was shaking with it, standing there with my back pressed against the locked door of my powder-blue cell. No one to turn to, no place to run to, nowhere to hide. Across the narrow corridor, Binnie sat, cross-legged, rocking. To my left, a dozen or more students roamed about, seemingly unheeding but quick, I remembered bitterly—quick and strong with the strength of numbers. To my right, still more students wandered, bright-blue clusters of them. It seemed that they were multiplying in amoebalike fashion until the hall was thick with them, its entire length pockmarked blue.

Jan was groping her way closer, her hand against the wall, and her wispy hair all in points over her forehead, like a wild woods creature. I could see her pale-brown eyes. I could see the black fear in their depths. "I'm scared, Alice," Jan said in a very small, trembling voice.

I fought my way desperately to the surface of my own terror. "It's O.K., kiddo," I said. "It'll be O.K." But my lungs were full of it, and my mouth was sour with the taste of it, and my voice was an alien voice.

"This time they'll kill me. I know," Jan said. I could feel her hand cold and wet on my forearm. "I don't want to die." The black fear in the depths of her eyes was growing now, turning the



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pale brown darker, casting strange shadows over the sweet, soft-curving young face.

I had seen this fear before, in another pair of eyes—brown eyes flecked with gold, John's eyes. On the morning of that day, three of us were standing in another corridor, another black-floored, white-walled corridor that smelled of Lysol and soap and alcohol and, faintly, of ether—an ugly clean smell to mask all the ugly dirty smells of sickness and death. My father was there—white pocket handkerchief, sharply creased trousers, my tall, cool, tidy father—and another man, too. The new doctor, the specialist, a short, round, spectacled little man, bald, staring at the floor in silent corroboration of a look on my father's face, a slight pressing together of the lips, a slight pinching of the nostrils. Nothing really, but enough. I leaned back against the corridor wall, the palms of my hands pressed flat against it. "Well?" I said. "What, Dad?" But I knew. I had read the encyclopedia the night before, under "B," "Blood," under "Blood, diseases of the."

My father made a soft, moist, throat-clearing sound. "You know what, Alice."

"Yes." The wall against which I was leaning seemed to be tilting backward. My father's fingers dug sharply into my shoulder, and the wall righted itself. "How long?"

His fingers were hard and strong. A nerve was jerking at the corner of his eye. "Tell her how long, Doctor."

The little round man raised his eyes from the floor, toy eyes behind thick lenses. "Four weeks. Six. Maybe eight."

"No," I said, a single, jagged, bleeding syllable.

"I'm afraid yes." He shrugged plump shoulders. "We'll do what we can. Unfortunately, there's not much to do." Again plump shoulders rose and fell. "I'm sorry."

"No," I said.

"Listen to me, Alice," my father said, and his fingers were pressing into my flesh.

"If you'll excuse me." The little round man turned away, then back again. "I'm sorry." And then he was moving down the corridor, walking almost noiselessly, with his arms sticking out from his round body and his bald head gleaming pink.

"I can't stand it," I said numbly.

"You're in good company," my father said. "Many of us can't stand it." His hand dropped from my shoulder. "Somehow we stand it. Somehow."

"I cannot."

"A man lives only once," my father said. "A man dies only once. Perhaps," he said hesitantly, "perhaps for this little time we should think of this, of him. And afterward—"

We walked side by side the couple of dozen steps to John's room, I on boneless legs that it seemed must give way. "Do you want me to go in with you?" my father said.

I shook my head. "Does he know?"

"I think he knows."

I pushed open the wood-framed canvas half door. John was lying there, whiter than the sheet. It was as if some monstrous vampire had sucked him dry of life. His left arm was strapped to a board, and dark blood was dripping, drop after drop, down from an inverted bottle, down through long rubber tubing, into a vein in his wrist.

I sat on a wooden chair next to his bed. John opened his eyes slowly, as if with great effort. "Hi, Alice," he said. He tried to smile. I could see how hard he was trying to smile. "Hi, John." And I saw his eyes with the golden flecks gone. I saw the black fear.

"How are the kids?"

"They're O.K.," I said. "Mother is taking real great care of them." I grinned with stiff lips. "They're even learning table manners."

"I'd like to see them."

"You'll see them. You'll come home soon and see them."

"I want to see them here."

"O.K." Somehow, without willing to do so, I had slid off the chair and was on my knees with my head bent and my mouth touching John's upturned palm. And I was screaming my single bloody syllable inside my skull, "No! No! No!" over and over again. After a while, I raised my head. John's eyes were closed. I could see the pale-blue lines of veins on his almost transparent lids. I could see the tears seeping beneath his orange lashes.

Through the timeless afternoon the blood dripped, drop after drop, and it stained his lips and cheeks pale pink. And inside me unshed tears were dripping, drop after drop, in time with that dark, useless blood.

"All right, ladies. Let's go now," the lean nurse said briskly. We had been edged somehow to the end of the corri-

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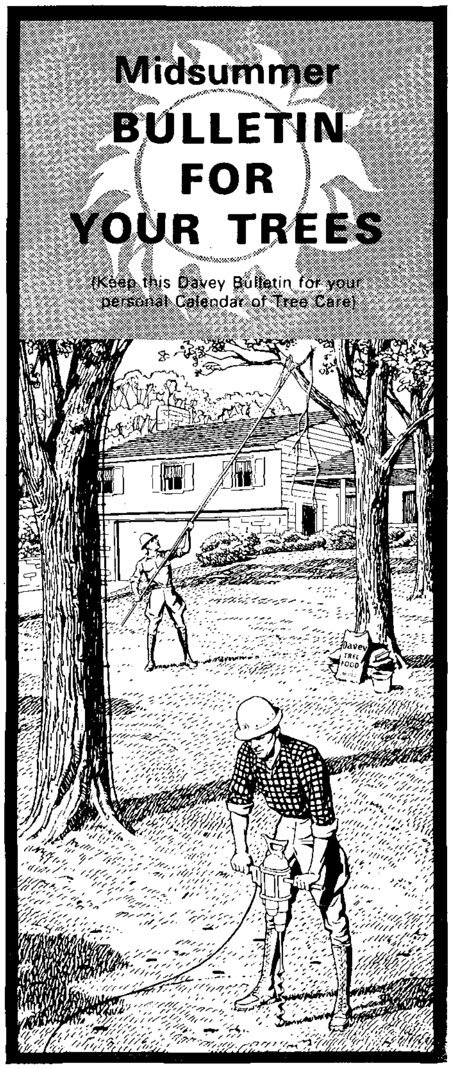

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dor, edged or led or dragged, we in the short hospital gowns. We were surrounded on three sides—the first a locked door, the second a short stretch of wall, the third a solid line of students. Before us was the archway into the huge white room with its line of wheeled cots. Jan stood next to me, quivering, cringing against the wall. She slipped her cold wet hand into mine. "Let's go, ladies." The lean nurse stood close to the archway, hands on hips. Her hair was cut in straight bangs. She had a look of weary patience on her thin-cheeked, long-nosed face. "Ladies."

Two of the students led Binnie through the archway. She walked quietly between them, with her head lowered. The calves of her legs were round and solid like a little child's, and her hair streamed golden to her waist.

"Get up now, Mrs. Barr," another student said. She was standing next to the girl with the dark-red hair.

"It's all over." Mrs. Barr's voice moved feebly in the same direction as her unfocussed eyes.

The students split in half, and the halves grown whole stooped, one on either side of Mrs. Barr—Katherine, I remembered—putting their hands under her armpits, lifting her to her feet. She slumped between them, and stumbled forward as they started to walk. "It's all over," she said weakly. "Leave me alone. It's over."

"All right, ladies. Mrs. Haggerty, Mrs. Blaine," the lean nurse said.

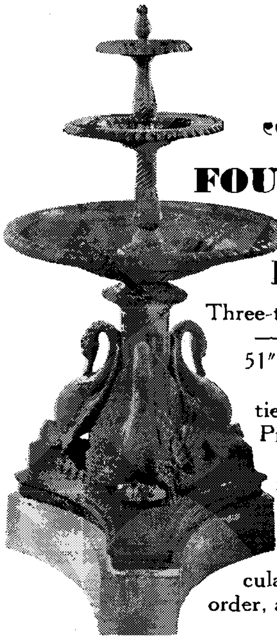
Jan's fingernails were cutting into the palm of my hand. Her skin was cold against my cold skin, wet against my wet skin. "I'm scared," she said in a thin whine. Her hand was pulling backward toward the wall, pulling mine along with it.

"God," I said. And it wasn't my gentle, suffering God I was naming. It was a different God, a God John had brought back with him from the war, a vast unself-conscious something, on whose mighty meaningless breath we came into being and perished.

"I'm so scared," Janet whimpered. "I'm so scared."

Miss Johnson separated herself from the roadblock of young girls and walked over to us. She raised herself on the toes of her oxfords to whisper in my ear. "This is the last time, Mrs. Blaine. You'll be back in an hour, having toast and coffee."

Fear pressed into my throat with powerful fingers, and my voice was half strangled. "Thanks, youngster." But each time had been the last time. Christ, even a murderer was electrocuted only once. Miss Johnson was



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pulling at my free hand, and I was moving forward toward the archway, with Jan walking beside me, tugging backward like a reluctant child, but keeping pace, step for step. She no longer spoke. She just whimpered.

Inside the high-ceilinged white room, Binnie was already lying on one of the cots, wound in a wet sheet, with only her left arm free. Beyond her, the skeletal girl lay, similarly wrapped and silent, and on the farthest of the six cots Mrs. Barr—Katherine, I remembered again—was moving her free hand up and back in front of her eyes. From the next room, the room with the tubs, three students brought the frozen girl, Miss Rogers. She neither moved nor spoke. Her eyes remained closed; her hair curled damply over her forehead. All the time they were wrapping her lovely, flat-bellied, delicately breasted young body in that sheet, she never moved. It was as if she were dead, except for the up-and-down movements of her chest. I envied her.

Jan was next, stripped, wrapped, and lifted—not struggling, just whimpering. And then I was standing naked, and my short white gown was in Miss Johnson's hands. She tossed it behind her. All I could think for a moment was that I hated my long, skinny feet, with their misshapen large toes and purplish-pink nails. The wet sheet was warm and I was on the end cot, with Miss Johnson standing beside me.

Each of us had our own student now, and the lean, blond nurse with the weary, patient face was wiping Mrs. Barr's upper arm with a piece of cotton, picking up a hypodermic needle from a tray held by an attendant—Miss Jorgensen, or her twin—jabbing the point into loose flesh, plunging the plunger, moving on.

"It's nothing," Miss Johnson said soothingly. "It's just some stuff that sort of dries everything up so things don't get too messy."

Suddenly the skeletal girl yelped like a puppy.

"It's nothing," Miss Johnson said.

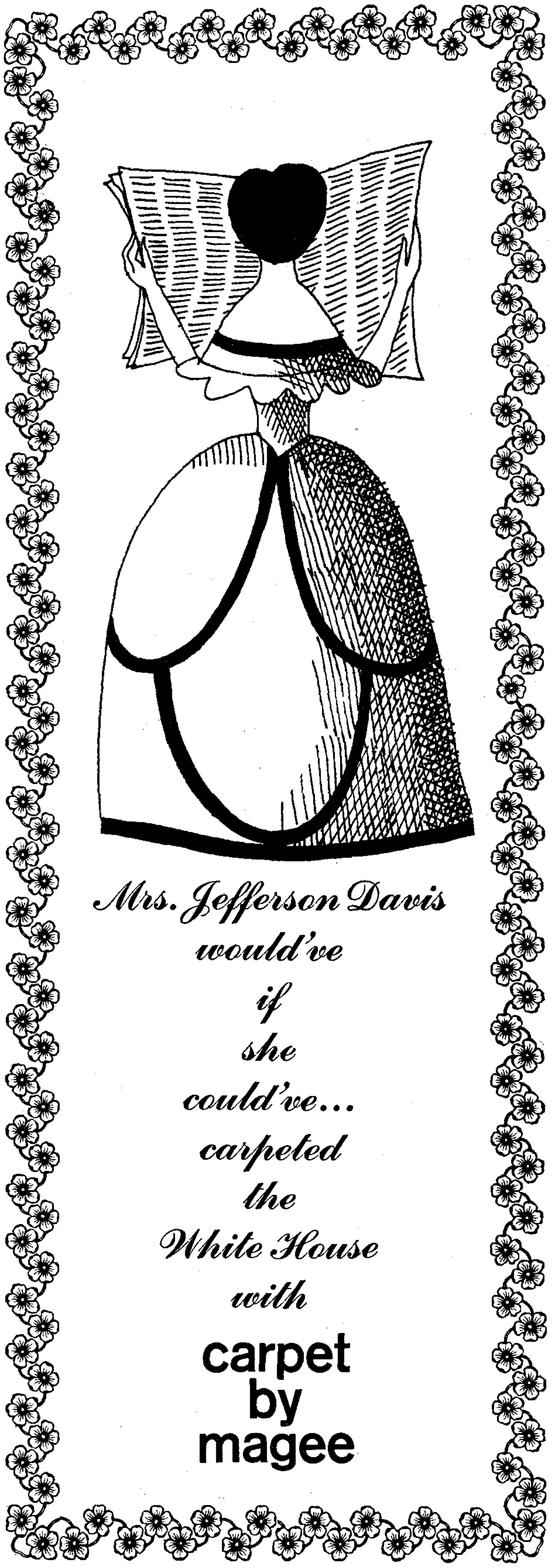
Binnie was silent as the needle went into her arm, and so was the frozen girl. Jan's whimper rose slightly in volume and pitch, and then fell and continued.

"It's nothing," Miss Johnson said. "Honest."

"Honest Injun Joe," I said in my strangled voice, and jerked a bit. It was nothing. "Now what?"

"Now we wait a few minutes," Miss Johnson said.

We waited, and the inside of my mouth got dry. Miss Johnson fetched



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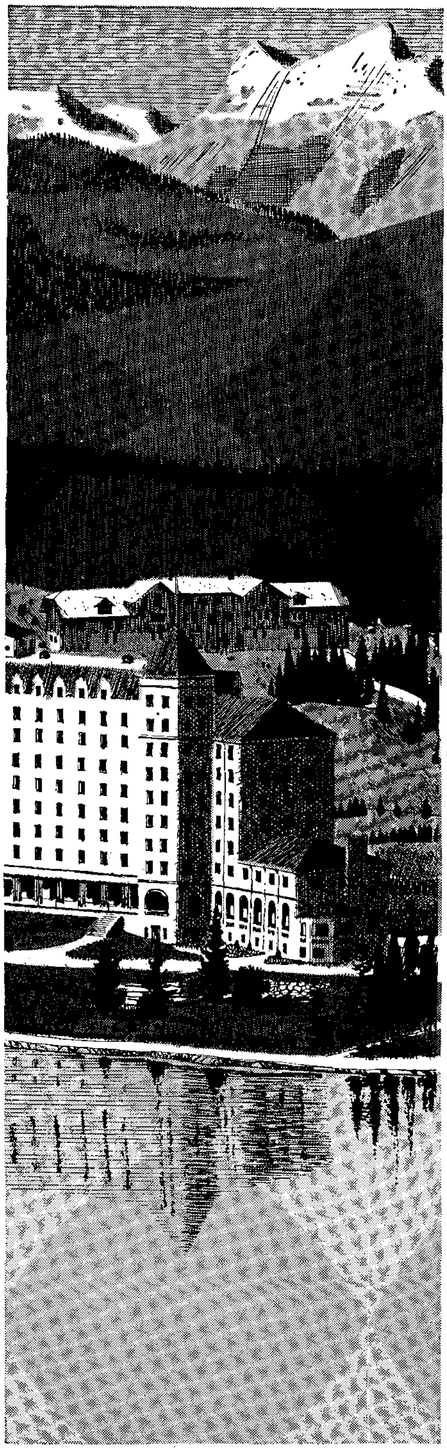

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a small piece of ice from a cardboard container the attendant was holding. Then the wheeled cots started moving through the archway, Mrs. Barr's (Katherine's), the skeletal girl's, Binnie's, Miss Rogers', Jan's. Miss Johnson's stubby child hand was close to my head, and we were moving, last in line, through the open archway, down the short stretch of corridor, and through the door at the end, now unlocked and standing open. The door closed behind us. I could hear the jangle of keys.

"I'm scared." My voice? Jan's voice? Mine, I decided.

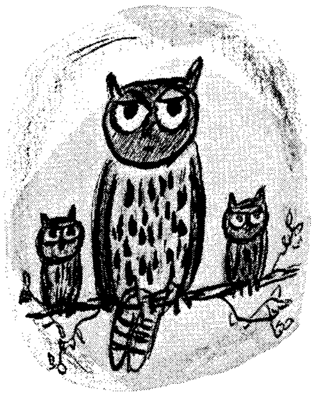
"I'd be scared, too, I guess," Miss Johnson said. "It's the last time. It'll be all over soon." We were moving through a labyrinthal underground passage, through doors that unlocked before us and locked behind us. "We're almost there now."

"There?"

"Hall Six," Miss Johnson said. "Remember? The old ladies who have the big room move out for a while, and the doctors use it for shock."

"Nice of the old ladies," I said hoarsely. My throat ached, I was so scared. We went through the last door, wheeled cot after wheeled cot. The door closed. The key turned. The corridor was crowded with elderly ladies in house dresses, in sweaters, with felt slippers on their feet. A red-faced, madly cheerful-looking lady with a head of magnificent white hair drifted by, cradling a rag doll tenderly in her arms.

The cots rolled along, close to the wall, down toward the end of the corridor. There they stopped. Miss Johnson stopped. I stopped. A little woman walked up to me, a dry, tight, wrinkled mummy of a woman, the most alive thing about her the sparse yellow-white braids around her head. She poked at me with her forefinger.



"Go along, now," Miss Johnson said gently.

The old woman shook her head. "Do you know that I am Mary, Mother of God?"

"Go along," Miss Johnson said.

"And pray for me," I whispered as she turned away.

The first of the line of cots, Mrs. Barr's cot, was being wheeled into the shock room. We moved up a bit, and stopped in front of a door-shaped cutout in the wall. I looked into a small, square room, shabbily furnished with a worn sofa and a couple of wooden chairs. The walls were a dark, sick green. Four women were in the room, wearing pajamas and robes, two pacing about, two sitting stiffly, side by side on the sofa.

"They're from the front halls. They'll go in after you," Miss Johnson said.

"You mean they walk here by themselves? You mean they wait for this?" They could run, and didn't. I would run. Christ, I was so scared. The skeletal girl was being wheeled in, and we moved up another three or four feet. Soon I was going to die. Soon. When the little remaining space was covered.

"They're probably feeling miserable," Miss Johnson said. "When you feel awful enough, you try anything."

"Doctor, don't kill me. I didn't do it. Please don't kill me." The voice of the skeletal girl was off pitch with sickness and fright. I could hear the murmur of a man's voice, and then a click. I waited for the answering click. It was over. She was lying on her narrow cot under the glaring spotlight. She was unconscious now. God, I wished I were.

Binnie's turn, and again we moved. Click. I counted to five before the second click. I could feel my heart banging inside my chest, and the sweat collecting under my arms. Jan's student was pushing her into the shock room. Jan was whimpering. Jan was yelling. Click. "One, two, three, four, five," I counted, moving my lips soundlessly. Click.

"Here we go now, Mrs. Blaine," Miss Johnson said.

And we were moving, turning, and I was inside that room, in the center of that room. I was smelling that smell, the smell of fear and electricity, twisted and knotted by the brightness of the light, the god-awful sterile whiteness. Strange faces, and that smell. An oxygen tank in the corner. A sandbag under my back. Someone was leaning over me, a tall man in a white coat, a thin-faced man with a large nose and thick spectacles. "Good morning," he said. "How are you?"

"Scared," I said. "Cold, stone stiff."

"It wouldn't help any if I told you not to be, would it?" he said. "There's really nothing much to it. The being afraid is the worst of it."

He had very pale-blue eyes, gentle eyes, and a soft mouth. He looked ugly and kind. And then the face was changing slowly, the nose growing smaller, the chin and cheekbones sharper, more clearly defined. The gray-streaked black hair was lighter, reddening. I closed my eyes, and found somewhere a remaining shred of will. I was going to die sane. This, at least this. I opened my eyes again. "You're not John."

"No," he said. "I'm not John. I'm James Engel. I'm one of the doctors here—yours, in fact. Make a fist now."

"I'm scared of needles," I said.

"Lots of people are. Don't watch. It's not going to hurt much."

I felt the bite of the needle into my vein, and then the curare, like fire.

"That's the bad part," he said. "And it's done."

"My husband."

"Your husband?"

"I want to see him."

"I'm afraid you can't. Can you pick up your head now?"

I lifted my head, and let it drop back on the cot. I could feel myself choking, and I knew it wasn't just fear this time. It was the drug. So I wouldn't get my bones fractured, someone, sometime, somewhere had told me.

"Can you pick up your head?"

I could lift it, just barely.

"You know why you can't see John," he said softly. "Try lifting your head once more."

I tried. I moved my lips but couldn't hear my voice. "I can't do it." And I knew why I couldn't see John.

"Very good. Now open your mouth."

I dragged my jaws apart. I knew I would never see John. Something hard was put between my teeth.

The voice was coming from a great distance now. "It's practically all over. You're going to be fine after a while, you know. And go home."

Home? I could feel something gritty being rubbed on my temples. I could feel the electrodes, one on each side. I had no home.

"This isn't going to hurt. It'll be all over in a minute."

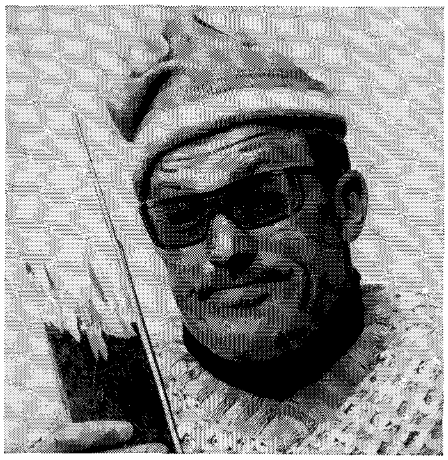
Because John was dead.

"It's all over now."

And it didn't matter if I died, too. It didn't matter. And then I heard the click.

"YOU wanted to see me?" Dr. Engel said.

"Yes." I sat in one corner of the sofa. He sat in a chair he had pulled around almost directly facing me. The conference room was a very sane-looking little room—sofa, chairs, a couple of small tables, carpet on the floor—a tremendous contrast to the square cell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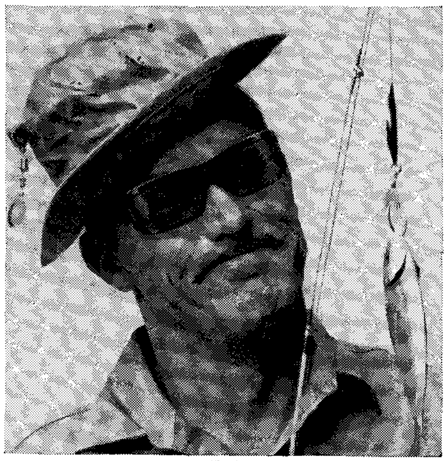
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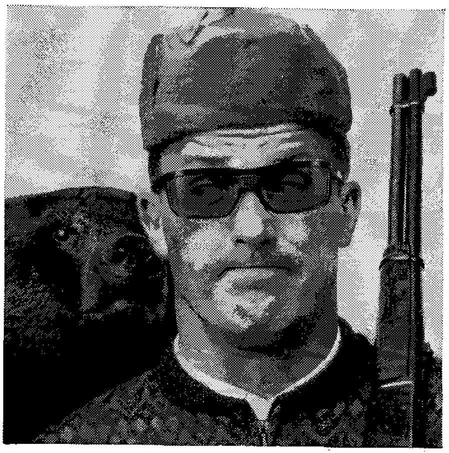
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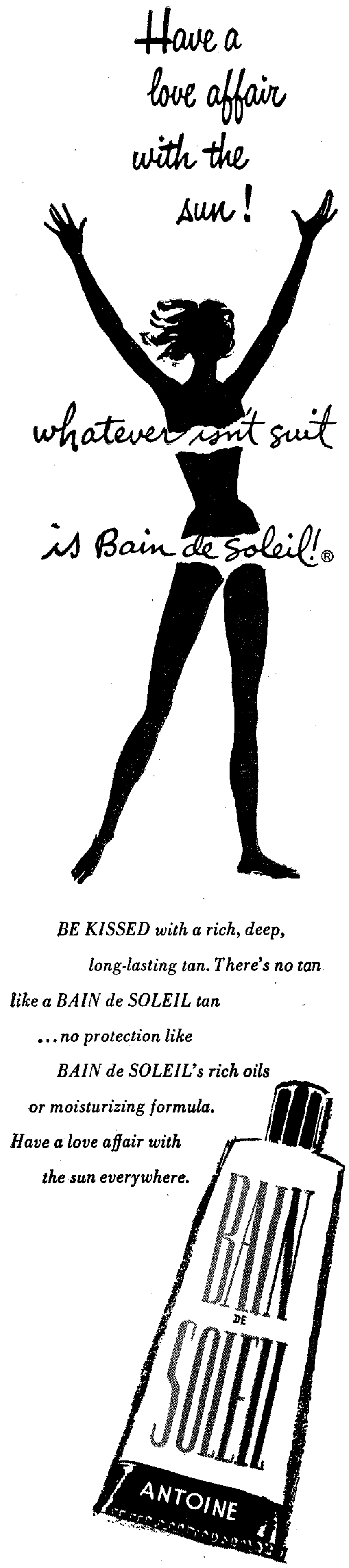
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in which I slept, and the octagonal room to which I had graduated from the tubs, a wildly modern affair in which we gathered, we mad ones, to watch carefully chosen children's programs on television and eat pre-cut meat with spoons. "Yes, I did."

He smiled at me, a shy sort of smile that made him seem very young despite the streaks of gray in his hair. He wasn't wearing the long white coat I had seen him in last. His suit was dark, almost black, a bit shiny at the knees and elbows, and his tie was a limp thing, dreary against his rumpled shirt. "I'm glad you did," he said. His pale-blue eyes were moist-looking behind thick-lensed glasses. "I hope I can help. I'd like to." He took a pack of Chesterfields from his pocket, lit one for each of us, and placed the pack and the matches on the corner of the small table in front of me. "It must be rough not being able to smoke as much as you want to."

"It's a minor trouble." I slouched in the corner, stretching my bare legs in front of me. "It's nice to have a whole one, though."

"A whole one?"

"Yes." He was too long, all of him—his hands and his feet, and his long, thin neck. Vaguely, I wondered if he would be able to get all that loosely strung-together boniness back into a standing position. "Jan Haggerty and I have switched to Pall Malls. We break them in half. We get six instead of three that way. But it is nice to have a whole one."

"I'm sorry about that." He was, too. I could tell from the way he said it. "You'll be moving on to the next hall in a week or so. You get half a pack there, I think."

I ground out my cigarette butt, reached for the pack, then stopped, looking at him.

"Go ahead," he said.

I was shaking so hard I had to steady my right hand with my left to get the match to the wavering end of the cigarette. We sat in silence for what seemed a long time after that. We both took fresh cigarettes. He leaned forward, this time, to light mine. "What did you want to tell me?" he said.

"Nothing." The air was banked gray with smoke—soft rolling hills, fog, mist. "Nothing. I've forgotten."

"Have you really?"

"Yes." But the handle of my inner phonograph had moved a short distance and the needle was circling round and round, grinding out the same old words in the same old sequence. "My name is Alice. Alice Blaine. I am twenty-eight

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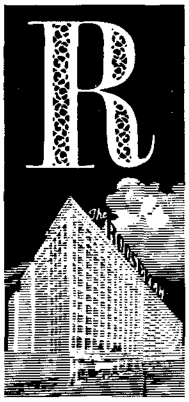

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years old, and can count to a hundred by sevens forward or backward. I believe I am quite sane."

"You are quite sane," he said.

"I have three children—Jenny, aged eight; Pete, aged four; Tommy, aged two."

" I know that."

"John is dead."

"Yes."

"I am also dead," I said numbly.

"You're not dead. You're very far from dead."

"I feel dead."

"That's different."

"Is it?" I said. "Is it really?"

"It is. Really." He raised his hand and ran his fingers through his gray-black hair. He looked at the ceiling, at the floor, at the scuffed tips of his long shoes, at me. "What did you want to tell me?"

"Nothing. I don't know." I grinned through the heaviness, through the deadness. "I'm sorry I bothered you, and I don't mean to be rude. But—nothing. I'd like it if you'd leave me alone now."

"You know I can't, don't you?" he said.

"I know you can't. It's your job not to."

"It's my job to help. Let me try."

"Help?" I shook my head wearily. "Do you believe in God, Dr. Engel?"

"Sometimes," he said. "I believe in people, which I suppose is a way of believing in God."

"I used to pray, 'Let John come back from the war. Only let John come back from the war.' "

"And he came back."

"Yes. He came back. He wore white gloves for a while, because he had some sort of fungus thing on his hands. Jungle rot. That was all." That was all. That was all that was left to me. A detail. A thousand details. Nothing.

"Your father told me you'd loved John since you were a child."

"Yes." I paused, swallowing hard. "I'd like to see my father."

"I'll tell him. He's been here a number of times."

"Has he?" I said indifferently. "I'd like to see him. I'd like to speak to him about the children."

"I'll tell him."

"We had plans, John and I. For them, I mean."

"You'll be back with them in a while. You'll be able to do what you planned."

"No. I don't think so."

"I think so." He nodded his long head vigorously. "I'm sure so. You

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haven't said what you wanted to, have you?" He was infinitely patient. "Why don't you? Try it, anyway."

I stood up and walked the length of the small, carpeted room, my tennis shoes sinking down a little with each step. It was different from walking on tile. I turned when I reached the far wall, moved along it, turned again, and tried the door. It was open. The student standing outside it looked at me curiously. I pulled the door closed. Dr. Engel was still sitting, his bony length arranged sloppily in the chair. "I could walk out of here," I said.

He nodded. "You could."

I flung myself in the corner of the sofa. "This is a lousy place."

"It's better than most."

"That's sad," I said.

"It is. Very."

Silence settled, thick and oppressive. I lit another cigarette and squashed it out. I glanced toward the door, half rose, and dropped backward against the cushion.

"Tell me how it happened," he said. "You might feel better if you told me."

"O.K." Because part of me had to tell somebody. I had to tell somebody. "It was the last day. I knew it. It's odd, isn't it? I'd never seen anyone die before, but I knew it was going to be soon."

"Yes." Dr. Engel was separated from me by heavy blue smoke. It was almost as if he weren't there, almost as if I were by myself.

"I had been there all night, sitting on that stiff wooden chair next to John's bed. All night listening to that new, frightening cough, listening to words, half sentences, sometimes hearing my name. There was a lamp on the table next to the bed, very dim. I could see his white, dying face all night, hour after hour."

"Yes."

Hour after hour, holding his hot, dry hand in mine, having him wrench it away as he tossed about, moaning, muttering inarticulately. Toward morning I slept, and when I woke gray light was coming through the window. Someone had turned off the lamp and put a blanket over my knees. I was stiff and aching all over, and there was a smell in the room.

"Alice."

"John." I stood next to the bed, near his white, dying face. His eyes were open, looking at me, really seeing me for the first time in two days. "I'm here, John."

His white lips moved. "Alice." And his eyes closed.

"John," I said. "John." Like a prayer.

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I said it. My fingers pressing the buzzer for the nurse were so numb I could hardly feel them. While I slept, John had pulled off his pajamas, and he lay, fleshless, his clearly marked ribs heaving, the lower half of his body smeared with excrement. Naked and dying.

The nurse came quickly, an elderly, wrinkled, very clean-looking woman. "Would you wash him, please?" I said, gagging on my own voice.

She glanced swiftly at John, at me, and shook her head. "There's no need to bother him." She moved through the room, into the bathroom, and came back with a sheet, which she opened and arranged over him. "Ring again if you want me," she said. "I'm right down the hall."

And I sat on the wooden chair, not thinking, not feeling, frozen all the way through me. Once I thought John said "Water." I stood again, and held the glass with its bent drinking tube to his mouth. He drank, and a moment later the water, tinged red, was foaming at his lips, dribbling down his chin.

Time dragged, a dying man inching his way to the grave. My father came softly and stood beside me. He took his handkerchief from his pocket and blotted John's mouth and chin with it. "I'll stay now. You go out. Get some coffee."

I shook my head.

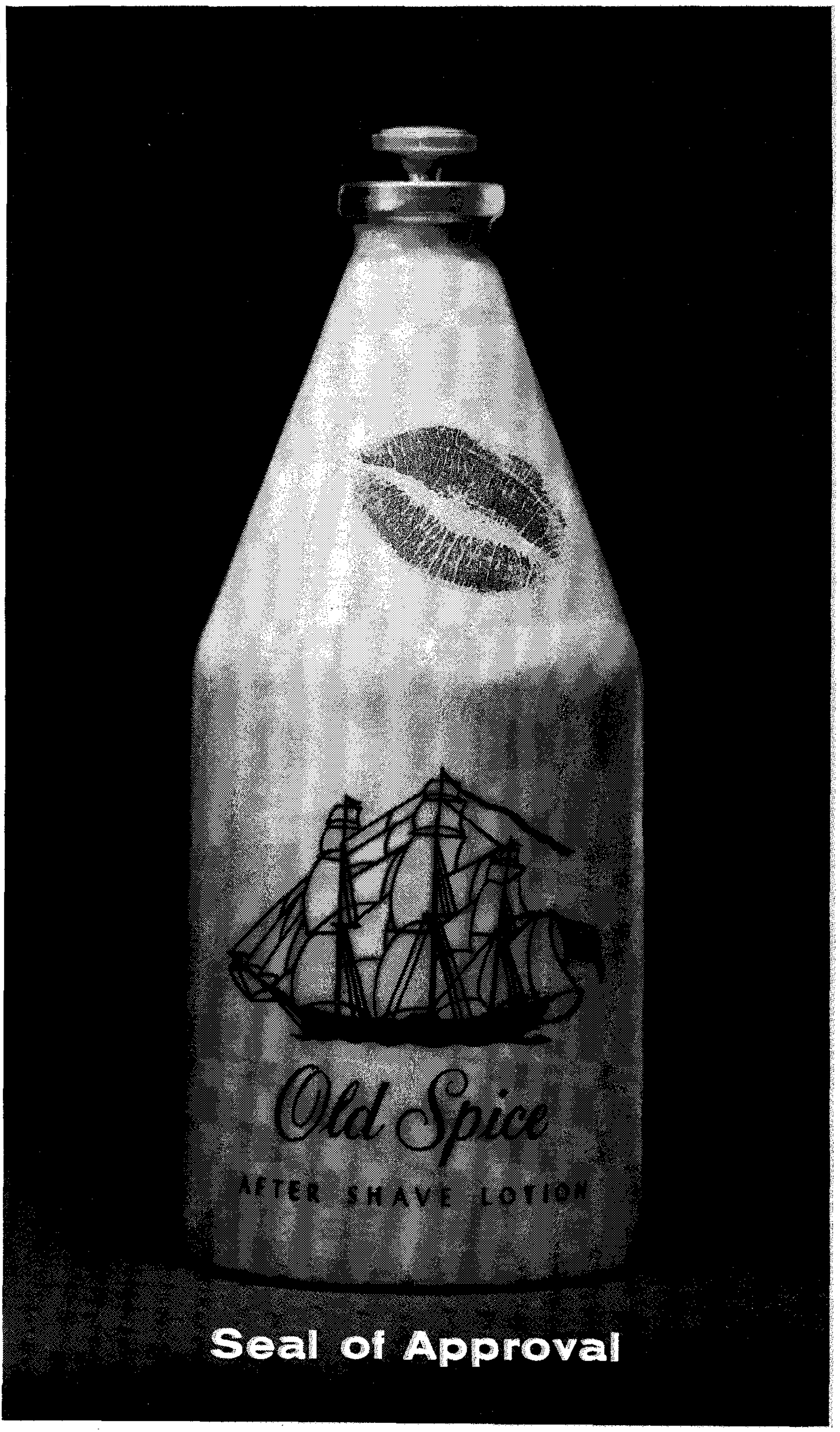
"Go on," my father said. "Get some coffee. Get something to eat."

"John's dying." Could it be that my father didn't realize this? "He's going to die."

"There's a drugstore right around the corner." My father handed me a couple of bills and some change. "Get some coffee and call your mother. She's waiting to hear from you."

Outside, it was misty. The sky was gray, heavy with clouds, a bundle of dirty wash. I walked down the street, staring at my feet, which were carrying me forward automatically. Step on a crack, break your mother's back. I used to chant that when I was a youngster, and now little Jenny sang it as she skipped home from school. Nothing had changed. Everything had changed. And the Coca-Cola sign in the drugstore window was the same as it had always been. I sat down on the round stool at the counter, and in the mirror I could see my reflection—poor, tired old reflection, looking black under the eyes, as if someone had kicked it.

"You want something, lady?" The young man behind the counter was



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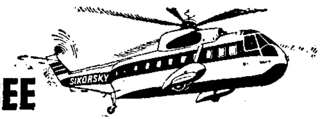

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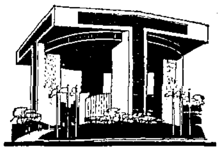

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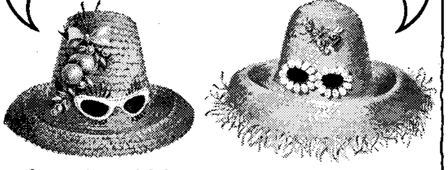

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pimply-faced and popeyed. He didn't have much chin.

"Coffee," I said.

"Anything else? Danish? Corn muffin?"

"Yes. A sandwich. Peanut butter on white."

"For breakfast?" he said admiringly.

"Breakfast? Sure. Why not?"

"No reason, lady," he said. "It's O.K. with me."

I watched as he poured the tan, watery coffee. I watched as he unscrewed the top of the peanut-butter jar, spread the stuff thickly on one slice of bread, topped it with another, divided the square into two triangles.

"Is there a telephone here?"

"Sure, lady," he said. "Right behind you. Against the wall."

I picked up my half a sandwich and walked over to the telephone booth. I pulled the door closed behind me, stuck a coin in the slot, and dialled, listening to the ring of the phone.

"Hello." It was my mother.

"Hello," I said. "Hi, Mom."

"Hello, dear. How are you?"

I lowered the telephone receiver and stared at it, running my fingertips over the smooth blackness. How was I? Was that what she had asked? For an instant I had a vision of my mother, a vision of hallucinatory vividness. She was sitting in her little blue damask chair, cradling her phone against her soft cheek. My mother, an ever-fading after-image of beauty, spreading, softening, smiling very gently, dimpling as she smiled. Sweet mother in her sweet, homemade world. "O.K.," I said heartily. "How are the children?" There was peanut butter stuck behind my teeth.

"The children are fine. Alice, dear?"

"Yes, Mom." I was poking about my mouth with the tip of my tongue.

"Alice. How's John, dear?"

"John?" I bit into my sandwich again and chewed energetically, working my jaws up and down.

"Yes, dear," my mother said. "How is he?"

"Is he?" I swallowed, and stared at the wall of the phone booth. It was gray metal, all covered with little bumps. Someone had scratched a heart on the wall and etched two sets of initials inside it. "He's dying, Mother."

"Alice. Dear. Alice, where are you, dear?"

"I'm in a drugstore, Mom," I said. "I'm eating a sandwich. Peanut butter." Bubbles of laughter were rising through

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my frozen insides. "John's dying, and I'm here, eating a sandwich." And the laughter burst, bloody, staining my lips, dribbling down my chin, bloody, bloody, bloody.

"Alice. Where are you, dear? Where are you?"

Broken telephone. Where are you, where are you, where are you? I dropped the receiver, and it hung, dangling by its black cord, swaying while I laughed and John lay dying.

Dr. Engel had not moved while I spoke, or perhaps it was just that I had not been aware of any movement. I had not even, after a minute or two, been aware of his presence. Now I saw him again, spread untidily in the chair, with his nose jutting and his blue eyes damp, and the lips of his small, pale mouth pressed tight together. I got up from my corner of the sofa. "I'll go now," I said.

He put his hands on the arms of the chair and pulled the whole, loose-jointed, sloppy length of him erect. He stood next to me, very tall, as John had been tall, and something inside me twisted, and somewhere inside me I felt the slow, constant dripping of tears. "This elation you've been in," he said. "It's the same thing as depression, you know. Two sides of the same coin."

I grinned my stiff-lipped grin. "I'll go now. O.K.?"

"O.K." He lifted his hand and touched my shoulder, barely touched it. "There are many ways of crying."

"Yes." My tears were hidden behind my grinning mask face. "Yes, there are."

"The conventional one has considerable merit. You ought to try it."

"Sissies cry," I said, grinning.

"People cry. People who have been hurt cry."

Inside me the tears were dripping. The tears were seeping under John's closed lids, down his chalky face. I would cry my tears, John's tears, until I died.

"People cry."

Until I died. Until I died. I flung myself face down on the sofa. Dr. Engel was saying something, but I couldn't make out the words. I could only hear a low drone under my own strangled sobs.

—Vera Randal

• •

HENLEY, JULY 4: 1914–1964

Fifty years after Capt. Leverett Saltonstall's Harvard junior varsity became the first American eight to win the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in England, Saltonstall . . . will lead his crew back to the scene of its triumph. Every man who pulled an oar in the victorious 1914 Harvard crew, as well as the coxswain, is not only alive but is preparing to return to Henley on July 1. They will take to a shell again on the picturesque Thames course during the forthcoming regatta.
—*The Times.*

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Fifty years after they
Won the great rowing fray
On Independence Day,
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That noble roll we call,
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Curtis, Talcott, and Meyer,
Morgan, and Lund set fire
To England's funeral pyre,
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On Independence Day,
Fifty light-years away,
They took the victors' bay
From mighty Britain.
They were a City joke
Till they put up the stroke
And their strong foemen broke,
As it is written.

That young and puissant crew
Quickened their beat and flew
Past all opponents, who
Watched them in wonder.
Fifty years later, we
See them across the sea
Echo that memory
Like summer thunder.

Fair stands the wind again;
Thames, bear them softly, then.
Far came these rowing men
In every weather.
What though their stroke has slowed?
(How long they all have rowed!)
Oarsmen, accept our ode,
Blades of a feather.

—L. E. Sissman

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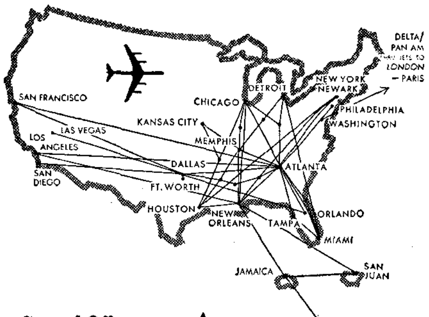

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THE THEATRE

LIFE BEFORE KHRUSHCHEV

THE misty melancholia of Anton Chekhov isn't perhaps as pervasive as it should be in the Actors Studio Theatre production of "The Three Sisters," at the Morosco, but the company does intermittently give us a glimpse of the awful boredom that afflicted Russia's provincial aristocrats more than half a century ago. In a new English version by Randall Jarrell, "The Three Sisters" still includes such dialogue (delivered offhandedly in this case) as "My wife has taken poison again," which stirs nothing but risibility in my non-Slavic soul, and I am afraid that Lee Strasberg, in his direction of the play, has borne down a bit too hard on the Method, at least in the initial episodes. For instance, while actors downstage are trying to explain why life is difficult in Russia at the turn of the century, a parcel of their colleagues are muttering and chortling upstage. This, of course, is distracting. Nevertheless, as time goes by, "The Three Sisters" gets into some kind of focus, and becomes, indeed, the best of the various presentations that the Actors Studio Theatre has offered us this season.

In this play, as you probably know, Chekhov introduces us to a community where the thought of going to work is considered pretty revolutionary among the upper classes. In the vacuous circumstances, our three heroines are hard put to it to find men worth their admiration, and although a military brigade is stationed in town, they are agreed that only in Moscow will they find the sophisticated pastures in which they hope to graze. They are orphans—their late father, the General, having been carried off a year before we make their acquaintance—and they are very gloomy. So, for that matter, is their only brother, a lacklustre intellectual, whose infatuation with a girl who is not socially up to par disturbs them. One of the girls is married to a pedant more objectionable than most, another is bored stiff with schoolteaching, and the youngest, who keeps reiterating the theme of "Moscow Ho!," finally gives in to the importunities of a baron who is inflamed with a desire to become a laborer. Before they can be married, he is shot in a duel. But that's the way things used to go in old Russia.

After a rather jerky start, the enterprise develops the mood that Chekhov was aiming at, and when one of the sisters has to say farewell to her paramour, an army commander, the play develops quite a bit of pathos. As this particular sister, Kim Stanley is grave and dignified but visually not exactly right for the role; no matter, she is effective. And I think the others in the cast, despite the fact that the ensemble is not entirely harmonious as a working team, have their individual merits. Among them are Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Kevin McCarthy, James Olson, Barbara Baxley, and Luther Adler. The last portrays a tired doctor in the military service who can't figure out what life is all about. Neither could Chekhov. Neither can I.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

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After having arranged the cubes in such a way that the adversary did not see the animals in the same represented, the game begin.

The two players place on the table a cube each and they will discover it at the same time; the eliminating-trial shall be made as follows:

a) the cat eliminate the mouse;
b) the mouse eliminate the dog;
c) the dog eliminate the cat;
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The game continue untill the exhaustion and shall be declared as losed the player that first shall have finished the cubes.

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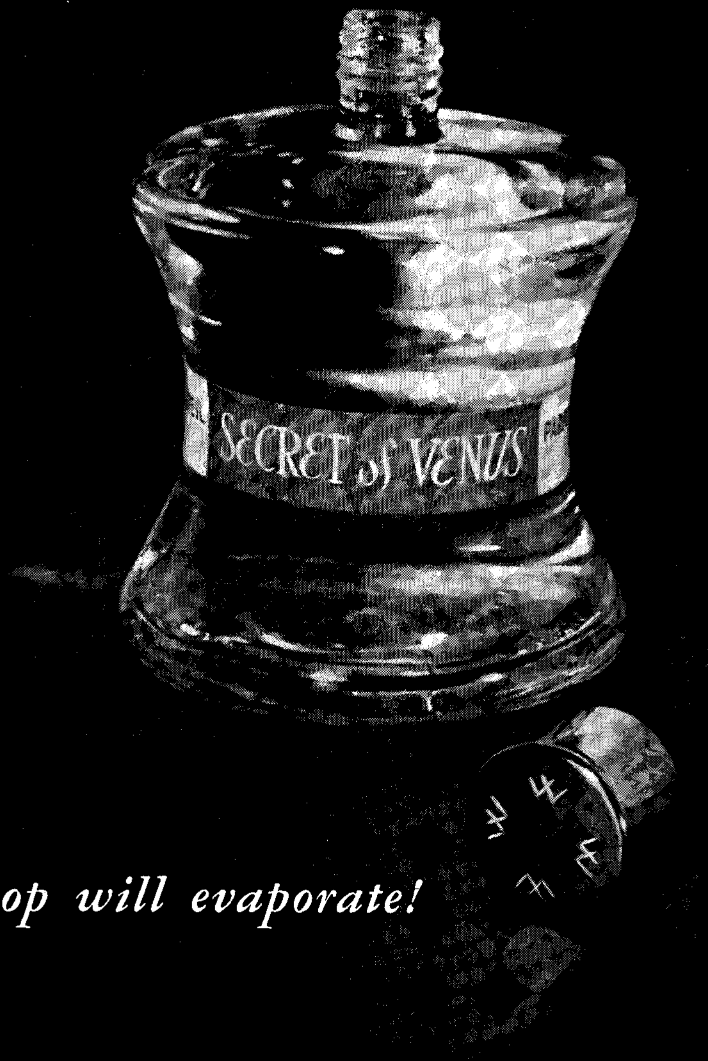

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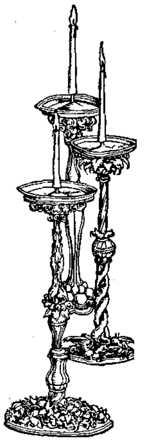

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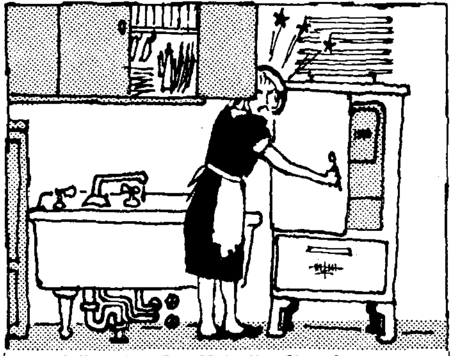

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Clouseau Again

OWING to a protracted sabbatical from films, I failed to see "The Pink Panther," in which Peter Sellers first appeared as the maladroit Inspector Clouseau. After seeing him in the same role in "A Shot in the Dark," I'll be on starting blocks to catch him when my neighborhood movie house gets around to reviving his original interpretation of the part. "A Shot in the Dark" as done on Broadway was a mediocre comedy, but Blake Edwards, who directed this film and collaborated on the script with William Peter Blatty, had the good sense to toss the foundation stock out the window and let Mr. Sellers run amuck. I suppose it would be impossible for anyone except Mr. Sellers himself to explain the vagaries of his comic method. He has a trace of Chaplin's appeal, a touch of the grand fakery of W. C. Fields, and yet he is somehow *sui generis*, which is quite a trick in these days of prefabricated comics. In the current effort, as the Sûreté bloodhound least likely to succeed, he is determined to prove that a winsome maid in the house of a wealthy Frenchman has not done in her lover, a chauffeur, despite all evidence to the contrary. The girl in question has been free with her favors (about all that she objects to is the habit men have of smoking cigarettes after she has dispensed the favors), but promiscuity doesn't daunt our inspector, who takes one look at the girl and opts for lifetime devotion. All the best jokes in "A Shot in the Dark" are visual, which is fine by me, and Mr. Sellers does a remarkable job of representing a modest sleuth in a nudist camp with nothing between him and utter embarrassment except a guitar. The ins and outs of Mr. Edwards' plot—and Lord knows they are many—won't be dwelt on here, but I can guarantee that if there was a gag wandering around, Mr. Edwards seized it.

While Mr. Sellers is the keystone of this haphazard and hilarious structure, there are others present who are a big help—Herbert Lom, for example, as his harassed superior; Elke Sommer, as

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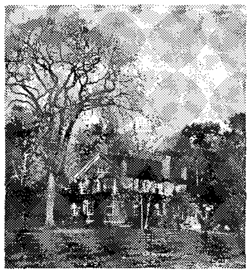

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the maid he is out to vindicate; Graham Stark, as his assistant, who is practically as mad as his boss; and Burt Kwouk, as his Japanese houseboy, who cuts loose with bouts of karate at most unusual moments. (There's a very wild scene in which Mr. Kwouk decides to try a little karate while Mr. Sellers is attempting the seduction of Miss Sommer.) All in all, extremely jolly.

"THE TROUBLEMAKER" is a ramshackle but highly entertaining improvisation by some of the denizens of The Premise, in Greenwich Village. Directed by Theodore J. Flicker, who has a carefree style, the piece concerns the adventures of a chicken farmer determined to open a coffeehouse where ideas can flow uninterruptedly. The chicken farmer is hopelessly innocent, and the people he encounters in his effort to get a Mermaid Tavern going are hopelessly corrupt, so we have naïveté up against bribery in assorted civic departments—sanitation, fire, real-estate, and so on. For all its spur-of-the-moment air, "The Troublemaker" is a funny business, and I recommend it to you. —J. McC.

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*From "Doctors Also Die," by D. M. Devine*]

As I was returning the card to the cabinet it slipped into the wrong compartment. I pulled it out again but it got caught up with another card and they came out together. The other, I saw with surprise, was Joan's.

It brought back the memory of the only occasion Joan had been here. Before then I had seen her from time to time at the hospital, but we had never progressed beyond the "Good morning" stage. She came that day to get a boil on her neck lanced. I really noticed her then for the first time. A few days later, when I was wondering who to invite to the Hospital Ball, I suddenly thought of Joan. Within a month we were engaged.

I glanced at the card. Yes, there it was—17th February 1961. Less than a year ago. What pleasant memories came flooding in.

•

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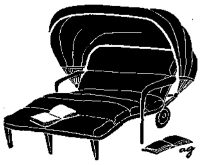
BOOKS

Polemic and the New Reviewers



IN literary criticism, polemic is short-lived, and no other essay form becomes as quickly obsolete as an unfavorable review. If the work under attack is valuable, it survives adverse comment. If it is not, the polemic dies with its target. A critic is therefore measured not by the books he prosecutes but by the ones he praises (we turn to Edmund Wilson for Proust, Joyce, Eliot, and Hemingway, not for Kafka), and it is surprising that among a younger generation of critics polemic should be so widely regarded as the most viable and rewarding kind of criticism. Three recent works—"The Sense of Life in the Modern Novel," by Arthur Mizener (Riverside); "A World More Attractive," by Irving Howe (Horizon); and "Doings and Undoings," by Norman Podhoretz (Farrar, Straus)—may provide an explanation.

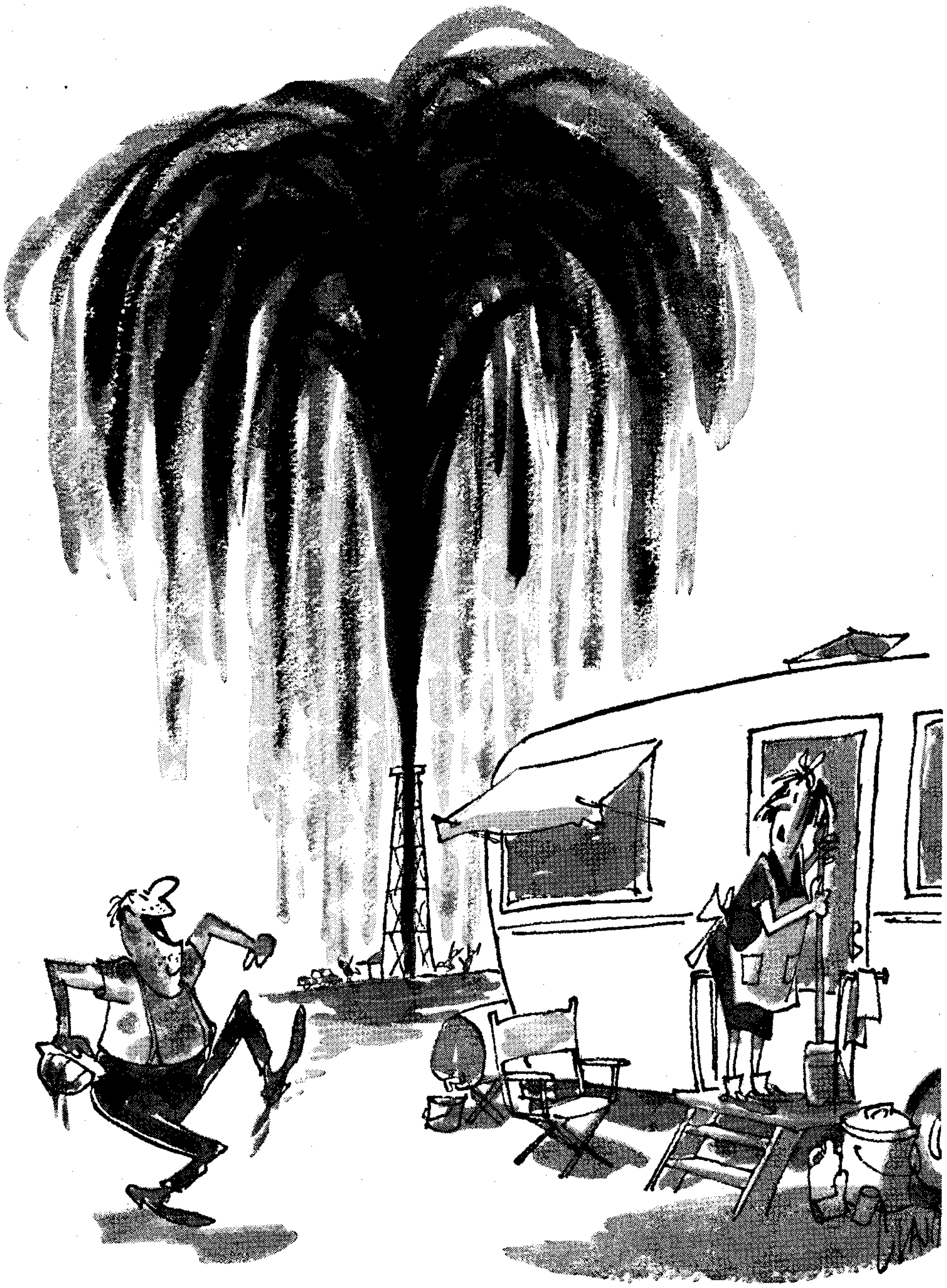
Arthur Mizener is the most affirmative critic of the three, the least polemical, and the least interesting. His book is little more than a splicing together of enthusiasms. He recounts plots (from Trollope to Updike), lists dates, quotes and compares passages (good ones, from many sources); he seems tempted to pick up the novels whole and deliver them to the reader. His critical sympathies, in short, are strong; his critical intelligence, however, is weak or self-effacing. Mr. Mizener seldom explains or analyzes, and whenever he does, his prose neatly strangles whatever his thought may have been:

> The problem for writers like Dreiser is apparently how to release from deep beneath the viscous and muddy surface of their conscious minds their imaginative apprehension of their experience, and the only way they seem able to do so is, paradoxically, by a slow roiling of the muddy surface.

> What criticism of the novel needs is a theory that will put at the center of our attention the world envisioned by the novel, which will then serve to limit and discipline the exercise of our metaphysics upon it. Our lot would very much like to circumambulate the novel's charms for the nearly exclusive purpose of keeping our metaphysics warm. The only valid source of discipline for this corrupting impulse to metaphysical speculation is the unique object that is the novel itself.

What the second of these paragraphs seems to recommend is that the critic leave theories alone and let literature speak for itself. And Mr. Mizener, for one, is clearly well advised to do so. The effect, however, of his constant citing of excerpts from the works themselves is to make his book almost a scrap album. Or a whirlwind tour of the sights. ("And on your left, ladies and gentlemen, the beautiful opening passage of 'Across the River and Into the Trees.' . . . And, on your right, the historic scene from E. M. Forster. . . . Notice, in particular, the portico . . .") The effect is also, on a slightly higher plane, that of a benign, unanalytic book column in a reviewing section of the Sunday newspapers, to which Mr. Mizener is a frequent contributor.

WHILE Mr. Mizener subordinates himself so completely to the works he admires that his intelligence becomes invisible, Irving Howe does the reverse; he dominates a book and wrenches it to suit his concern of the moment. And his concern is nearly always extra-literary—sociological or political. The title of his new book, "A World More Attractive," suggests a utopian outlook, and even in his literary essays he is primarily concerned with social ac-



"I must say, it's a relief to see you in a decent humor for a change."

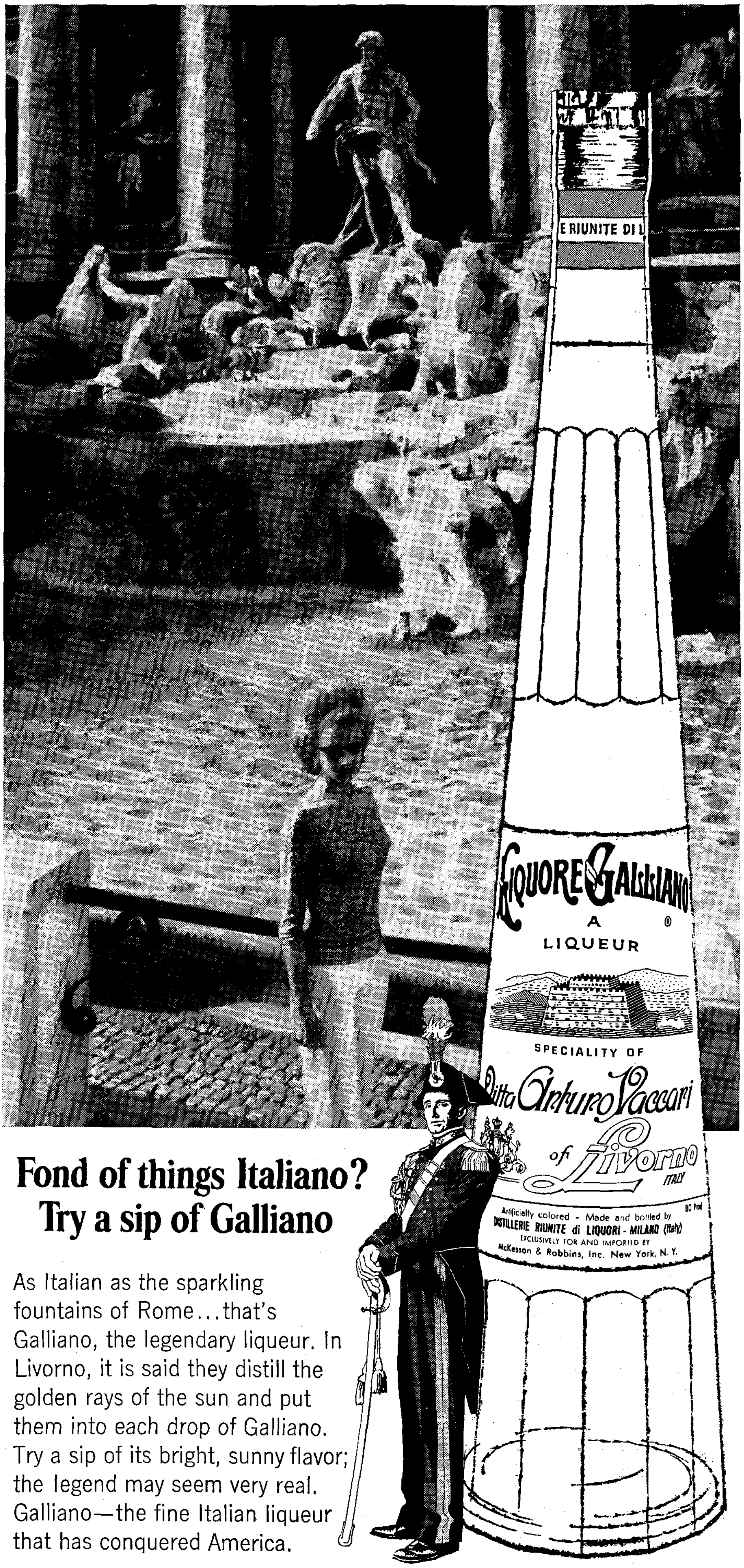
tion—"images of war and revolution, experiment and disaster, apocalypse and skepticism; images of rebellion, disenchantment, and nothingness." When a writer—Wallace Stevens, for example—seems less preoccupied with these "images" than Mr. Howe himself, Mr. Howe discerns them as a "premise," or a "background," or a "pressure upon all subjects":

> Stevens does not examine society closely or even notice it directly for any length of time; he simply absorbs "the idea" of it. . . . A perspective upon history is brilliantly maintained; history as it filters through his consciousness of living and writing at a given time.

This line of argument can, of course, be used to demonstrate that anyone is really writing about anything whatever—"as it filters through his consciousness of living and writing at a given time"—and the author of "A World More Attractive" makes frequent and imaginative use of what we might call the ascribed, or foisted, premise: "Dostoevsky had not read Max Weber. But the anticipation is there." For Mr. Howe seeks, above all, to establish a *position*, and he uses his intelligence to force that position upon the literary work. (If the work resists, so much the worse for it; Mr. Howe will find it lacking in "moral style.") Yet it need not be supposed that this exercise of intelligence gives Mr. Howe an advantage in clarity over Mr. Mizener:

> The ideal of socialism has become a problematic one, but the problem of socialism remains an abiding ideal.
>
> But if one turns from the immediate political struggle to a kind of socio-cultural speculation by means of which certain trends are projected into an indefinite future, there may be some reason for anticipating a society ruled by benevolent Grand Inquisitors, a society of non-terroristic and bureaucratic authoritarianism, on top of which will flourish an efficient political-technical elite—a society, in short, that makes Huxley's prophecy seem more accurate than Orwell's, except insofar, perhaps, as Orwell's passion and eloquence helped invalidate his own prophecy.

Whatever these two sentences may mean, their vocabulary, at least, suggests that we are in the presence of an intellectual—a radical intellectual, of the sort that was identified in the thirties with such "little journals" as *Partisan Review*. And as an intellectual of the thirties Irving Howe has become, if not an interesting critic, at least an interesting criticism of the predicament of letters in the sixties—particularly in the little journals, to which *he* is a frequent contributor. Most of these journals were born of the depression and de-



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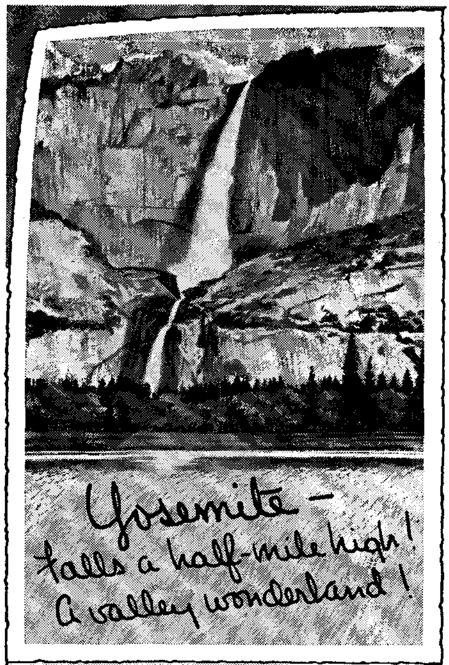
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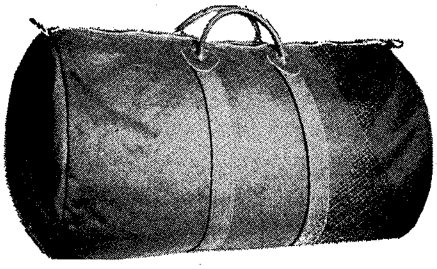

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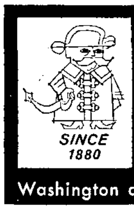

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fended underdogs, who seemed at the time to fall into two broad categories—the artists and the poor. After the Second World War, old issues began to cloud, old protégés made good, and expository writers with a low tolerance for complexities were at a loss. A good part of the thirties' poor had become the fifties' bourgeoisie; most genuine depression artists had become the culture heroes of an age of affluence. Whom to defend? A stalwart revolutionary, Mr. Howe seemed to find himself without a cause, a comrade, or an enemy. He soon started a magazine of vaguely Socialist persuasion, called *Dissent*, and the dissenting position he has taken is a paradoxical one. He has turned upon old protégés to begrudge them the successes that time has brought. He now assails the former underdog, now part of the post-depression middle class, for everything—its new comforts, its tastes, and its morals. He now wishes to bar from "the raids of mass culture," and from the "contamination" of the "middlebrow," the "serious culture" that the radicals sought in the thirties to bring to the people. At the same time, he wants to bar to the artists and intellectuals the success—"this rise in social status"—that he sought in the thirties to help them achieve. If only, he seems to be saying, the middle class and the artists might become befriendably poor again:

> Today, in a sense, the danger is that the serious artists are not scorned enough.

> Suppose, then, that the goal of moderate material satisfaction is reached. . . . What would the intellectuals say? . . . [They would be like Christ, facing the Grand Inquisitor.] He has nothing to say. . . . [His] kiss is a kiss of despair, and He retreats, forever, in silence.

In short, now that the revolution of the thirties has begun to bear fruit, Mr. Howe has come to distrust the notion of progress, and he seeks in literature (or imposes upon literature) that aversion to the modern which he himself feels. Lacking a new direction for his liberalism, he dissents; he seems to bear his banner proudly backward toward the thirties and the "world more attractive" those years represent for him.

An editor of *Commentary* and a regular reviewer for *Show*, Norman Podhoretz inhabits a middle ground between the tame Sunday newspapers of Arthur Mizener and the radical little journals of Irving Howe. He is, in fact, one of those writers for little journals who have of late been assimilated almost en bloc into the magazines of broader circulation, and his adjustment, as a thirties liberal, to the sixties

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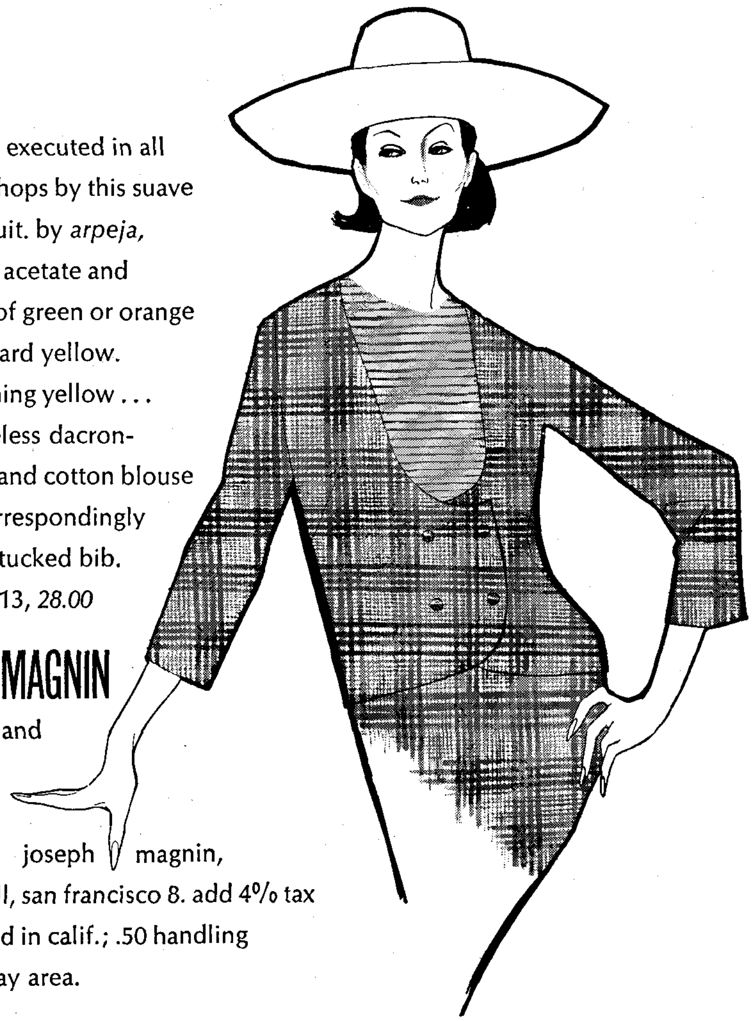
is a highly pragmatic, even a classic one. The rebel whose cause has succeeded traditionally develops a concern with personal power, and the title of Mr. Podhoretz's collection of critical essays, "Doings and Undoings," implies a faith in the power of the critic to affect, or even determine, the fate of authors and literary works—"to correct," in Mr. Podhoretz's phrase, "what he considers to be an egregious error in the prevailing estimate of a book or a literary reputation."

"Doings and Undoings" is not, Mr. Podhoretz points out, a unified collection. "How many people wrote it, then? Two, I think, or possibly three." The first estimate seems accurate; there are two distinct personalities at work in this book—one a literary critic far more canny than Mr. Mizener, the other a post-revolutionary, extra-literary polemicist far more effective than Mr. Howe. Essays on Faulkner, Edmund Wilson, and Nathanael West seem to reflect the first personality; essays on Norman Mailer, Mary McCarthy, Hannah Arendt, and John Updike, among others, seem to reflect the second. Since the second personality—the author, one supposes, of "Undoings"—is the more recent chronologically, and since his work clearly dominates the collection, it might be well to begin with his position, as Mr. Podhoretz defines it in the piece entitled "Book Reviewing and Everyone I Know." In praise of contributors to a new periodical, *The New York Review of Books*, Mr. Podhoretz remarks:

> All these reviewers inhabit much the same intellectual milieu, and what they have in common, apart from talent and intelligence, is an attitude toward books and an idea about the proper way to discuss them. This attitude might be characterized as one of great suspiciousness: a book is assumed to be guilty until it proves itself innocent—and not many do.... The major premise behind such suspiciousness is that books are enormously important events, far too important to be confronted lightly, and certainly too important to permit of charitable indulgence.

The argument that a sign of a book's importance is that it should be "assumed to be guilty until it proves itself innocent" is a curious one, since our whole legal system rests upon the opposite premise—that the sign of an individual's importance is that he should be assumed innocent until he is proved guilty. But Mr. Podhoretz conceives of this position of "great suspiciousness" as an antidote to the "bland and uncritical" reviewing columns of the Sundays newspapers (so much for Mr. Mizener) and as a solution (here he agrees with Mr. Howe)



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to "the problems of mass culture . . . and . . . the need for an embattled struggle against the deterioration of literary and intellectual standards." Finally, he pinpoints what he considers the salient quality of *The New York Review* reviewers: "A book for them is, quite simply, an occasion to do some writing of their own." And he adds that if only "*The New York Review* were to succeed in establishing itself on a permanent footing . . . everyone I know would certainly be happy."

There are several remarkable things about this essay and the point of view it represents. First, "everyone I know" occurs fourteen times (aside from its appearance in the title), and "someone I know," "no one I know," "someone I *don't* know," and "everyone they know" make one appearance each. Although it must be admitted that repetition is a rhetorical device of which, in any case, Mr. Podhoretz has always been inordinately fond ("what really happened in the thirties" occurs nine times in another essay, and "tells us nothing about the nature of totalitarianism" several times in a third), it seems quite safe to say that "Book Reviewing and Everyone I Know" is pervaded by a sense of comradeship and solidarity; Mr. Podhoretz clearly does not consider himself a speaker in isolation. On the other hand, such terms as "embattled," "struggle," and "suspiciousness" seem to indicate, on behalf of the group, a feeling of beleaguered hostility. Moreover, such unembarrassed statements as "Among our most talented literary intellectuals (including just about everyone I know) reviewing is regarded as a job for young men on the make" and "A book for them is, quite simply, an occasion to do some writing of their own" imply that the New Reviewers regard criticism less as a sympathetic response to literature than as an opportunity for an assertion of personality. (One conclusion is inescapable here: A book is going to have an exceedingly difficult time "proving itself innocent" if the reviewer "assumes" it "guilty" and then uses it, "quite simply," as "an occasion to do some writing of [his] own.") Finally, a glowing nostalgic reference to "the back files of magazines like *Partisan Review* and *Commentary*," combined with an expression of despair over the present ("But except for Dwight Macdonald and one or two others, everyone I know—indeed, everyone who writes—is often afflicted with the feeling that all he is doing is dropping stone after stone down the bottomless well of American culture. Who listens? Who cares?"), seems to complete a picture, a philosophical adjustment, an answer to the predicament of Mr. Howe. The radical child of the thirties, the contributor to the back files of little journals, finding himself at present directionless, embattled, and perhaps even unheeded, achieves a solidarity in numbers in the security of "everyone I know." The political fervor of the ex-revolutionary is not lost; it is simply redirected into literary channels, where it appears as a certain hostility toward books ("assumed guilty"), a pronounced defensiveness toward presumptive readers ("the bottomless well of American culture"), and an attitude toward the job at hand—reviewing—as an opportunity to assert personal ambition ("young men on the make . . . do some writing of their own"). In short, the rebellion has succeeded, the junta is in power, and it is now the era of the purge.

To interpret a whole collection on the basis of a single essay would be, of course, to oversimplify, and Mr. Podhoretz is a more complicated and interesting writer than this single essay might suggest. But "Book Reviewing and Everyone I Know" does announce a group, a program, and perhaps even the emergence of a new critical school, and since Mr. Podhoretz is a singularly articulate spokesman for that school, it might be well to explore his program as it recurs in some of the other essays in "Doings and Undoings," and in the work of other New Reviewers—those who share what Mr. Podhoretz calls "the same intellectual milieu."

MR. PODHORETZ, to begin with, clearly regards reviewing as a continuous dialogue, and he devotes, in his reviews, considerable attention to the opinions of previous reviewers. In the essay "In Defense of James Baldwin," he writes:

> *With few exceptions, the major reviewing media were very hard on* Another Country. It was patronized by Paul Goodman in *The New York Times Book Review*, ridiculed by Stanley Edgar Hyman in *The New Leader*, worried over . . . by Elizabeth Hardwick in *Harper's*, summarily dismissed by *Time's* anonymous critic, loftily pitied by Whitney Balliett in *The New Yorker*, and indignantly attacked by Saul Maloff in *The Nation.*

And in "A Dissent on Updike" he cites not only written opinions but spoken ones as well:

> When his first novel, *The Poorhouse Fair*, came out in 1958, I remember argu-

> ing about it at great length with Mary McCarthy....

> I cannot for the life of me understand what there is about him that so impresses people like Mary McCarthy, Arthur Mizener, and Stanley Edgar Hyman—to mention only three critics who...

The "Defense" in one case and the "Dissent" in the other might seem to require such a roll call, but it is Mr. Podhoretz's method throughout the collection to orient his point of view in terms of what he calls "the prevailing estimate of a book or a literary reputation." And he is not the only one to do so. There is a kind of reciprocity along the reviewing circuit that, while it occasionally imparts a pleasing continuity to critical discussion (the reader who suspects that the reviewer does not do justice to the book under consideration may be consoled by the knowledge that the reviewer has read at least all previous reviews of it), more often resembles nothing so much as a ticker-tape compendium or a caucus in an airless convention hall. "Irving Howe and I discussed this tendency some time ago, and wrote . . ." says Lewis Coser in *Partisan Review*. "The last time I remember talking about the novel was a year ago last June or July," Norman Mailer writes in *Esquire*, "and it was in a conversation with Gore Vidal." "Even Norman Mailer," Alfred Chester writes in a review of William Burroughs' "Naked Lunch," "unpredictably mislaid himself long enough to write: 'Burroughs is the only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius.' " "It was from Sartre that I first heard of Jean Genet," Lionel Abel writes in *The New York Review;* and "These have been duly underscored by her critics," says another contributor to the same periodical, "notably Lionel Abel, in a long and trenchant essay in . . ." "I have only once had the privilege of meeting Paul Goodman," George Steiner remarks in *Commentary*. "I stress 'privilege.' There is no one whose encounter flatters in a more exacting way."

This elaborate system of cross-references is one to which Mr. Podhoretz—at least in "Undoings"—subscribes, and when he feels he must disagree with what he frequently calls "the serious critics," he does so warily. His essay on James Baldwin continues:

> Three of these reviewers—Goodman, Hardwick, and Hyman—are first-rate critics, and I therefore find it hard to believe that their wrongheaded appraisals of *Another Country* can be ascribed to a simple lapse of literary judgment. How could anyone as sensitive and knowledgeable as Elizabeth Hardwick have been so

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led astray . . . ? How could a man of Stanley Edgar Hyman's sophistication have been so fooled . . . ? How could Paul Goodman, who most assuredly knows better, have taken . . .

Mr. Podhoretz is not, of course, the only reviewer to feel so bewildered by his own divergence from the mainstream of critical opinion that he must temper his remarks with "sensitive," "sophistication," and "knows better." Occasionally, such differences are bridged with the elaborate courtesy of a junior executive introducing his immediate superior at a Rotary banquet. "This collection of essays . . . reflects the amazing catholicity of Mr. Schlesinger's tastes and interests," Lewis Coser begins his attack on Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. "His range is wide indeed." And Frank Kermode, concluding an ambivalent review of Mary McCarthy's essays, concedes himself "aware that one is incomparably less honest, as well as less clever, than she," and adds, "I can think of no writer whose silence would be more damaging to our moral and intellectual hygiene." A more relaxed approach, along the reviewing circuit, to the moment of painful dissent is manifest in the use of first names: Norman Mailer, in attacking Nelson Algren, calls him "Nelson;" Alfred Chester, in disparaging Henry Miller, calls him "Henry;" Paul Goodman, in disagreeing with Harold Rosenberg, calls him "Harold;" and Lionel Abel, in discussing the misdeeds of the ghetto leader Chaim Rumkowski, refers to him familiarly as "Chaim." Mr. Podhoretz is more formal. "On the other hand, Macdonald, Rahv, and Kazin," he concludes his summary dismissal of their essays, "even in their perfunctory moments, have more to say than most of us when we are trying hard." The apparent source of such affectionate concern with the opinions of other reviewers is a conviction that the value of an opinion can be defined by the admiration one feels for the holder of that opinion. "Not *which* idea but *whose?*" the reviewer seems to ask himself. The original judgments of respected critics quickly acquire an aura not only of self-evidence but of finality (*they* at least are assumed innocent until they are proved guilty): "I admire [Edmund] Wilson greatly," Lionel Abel writes, in an essay on Alfred Kazin, "from which it will be seen that I do not . . ." And, says another reviewer, "As a conscious artist, O'Neill was stiff and crude, as Mary McCarthy has established." The New Reviewers hastily stand up

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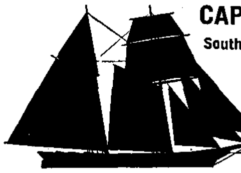

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to be counted, and reviewing becomes not merely a circuit but a cartel.

Apart from the group orientation of "Doings and Undoings," the book is interesting primarily for its arguments. In his introduction, Mr. Podhoretz establishes the premises on which his critical arguments are based:

> Most often the event [that produced these essays] was the appearance of a new book that seemed to me to raise important issues . . . and almost always it was the issues rather than the book itself that I really cared about. Is that a damaging admission for a literary critic to make? . . . We may be looking in the wrong place for the achievements of the creative literary imagination when we look for them only where they were last seen—in novels and poems and plays. . . . These may all be of great interest to me as a student of literature, and they may be of some interest to me as an habitual reader. But they are of no interest to me as a man living in a particular place at a particular time and beset by problems of a particular kind.

This position is a consistent and audacious one, and Mr. Podhoretz adopts it with full awareness of its implications. But, again, particularly in his lapse of faith in pure fiction, he does not speak entirely in isolation. "I wonder, who reads short stories?" writes John Thompson in *Partisan Review*. "When you pick up a magazine, do you turn to the short story? What is it doing there, anyway? It looks as boring as a poem, and probably it is. Maybe if you yourself write short stories, yes, you take a quick slice at it, to see who's doing it now, is he one up on you or not, what's he copying . . ." "The novel is having a hard time," Alfred Chester remarks in *Commentary;* and in *Show* Kenneth Lamott observes, "People who care about such things have agreed for as long as I can remember that the novel is in a bad way." "Her book is memorable to me," Julian Moynahan writes of Brigid Brophy in *The New York Review*, "only because halfway through reading it I was seized by a cramping suspicion that the novel as a viable literary form might after three hundred years of life be ready for burial." And, referring to a statement made by Paul Goodman, a reviewer writes, "Such an observation calls into question the validity of fiction itself."

Mr. Podhoretz, however, does not go quite so far; he does not discount fiction altogether. He has simply, in his words, "lost my piety toward the form in its own right, which means that I do not feel an automatic sympathy for the enterprise of novel-writing," and he continues:

> A large class of readers . . . has found itself responding more enthusiastically

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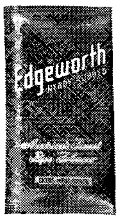

to . . . non-fiction (and especially to magazine articles and even book reviews) than to current fiction. . . . And what the novel has abdicated has been taken over by discursive writers. Imagination has not died (how could it?) but it has gone into other channels. . . . What I have in mind—and I cheerfully admit that the suggestion sounds preposterous—is *magazine articles.*

The suggestion does not sound preposterous at all, particularly in a passage pointing out the literary takeover by "discursive writers." (It explains, for one thing, why reviewers pay so much attention to other reviewers, and it attempts to explain, for another, why Mr. Podhoretz's magazine articles should have been published in book form.) One result, however, of a conviction that imagination has been diverted from fiction into expository writing is that the expository writer, particularly the reviewer, is often tempted to press his *own* imagination upon the work of fiction, to prescribe for the novelist the kind of work that the reviewer thinks he ought to have written. Thus, Mr. Podhoretz berates John Updike for having written about old age, and not having written a reminiscence of childhood, in "The Poorhouse Fair":

> . . . In any case there was something that gave me the creeps about the way he had deliberately set out to reverse the usual portrait-of-the-artist-as-a-young-man pattern of the first novel.

And he further instructs the novelist (as though Mr. Podhoretz's pains necessarily resembled Updike's, and as though Mr. Podhoretz himself were writing a novel including a description of them):

> Severe pain in one part of the body does not travel through the system, either on wet wings or dry; on the contrary, after the first flash of burning sensation, its effect is actually to focus one's entire consciousness on the hurt spot. . . Consequently the appropriate images for rendering such an experience . . . would be . . .

He reproaches Saul Bellow for the ending of a novel ("If, however, Bellow had been ruthless in following out the emotional logic of *Seize the Day*, it would almost certainly have been murder—and *Seize the Day* would almost certainly have been a great book"), and he suggests his own ending for Joseph Heller's "Catch-22." He even rebukes Harry Truman for not "admitting" in his autobiography that he was the "ambitious, perhaps lonely boy who dreamed of greatness" that Mr. Podhoretz thinks he must have been. In his conviction that it is the business of criticism to prescribe for literature, Mr. Podhoretz is again not

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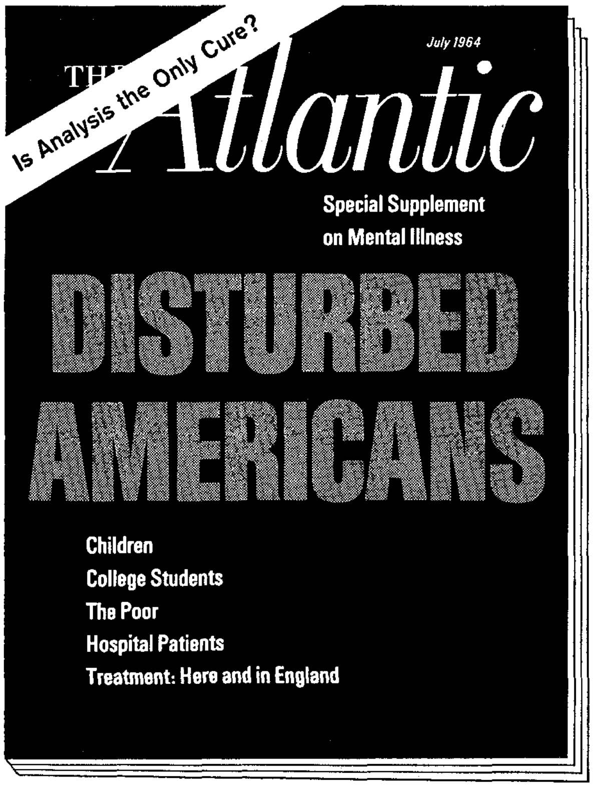

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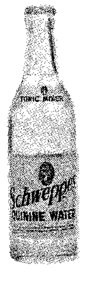

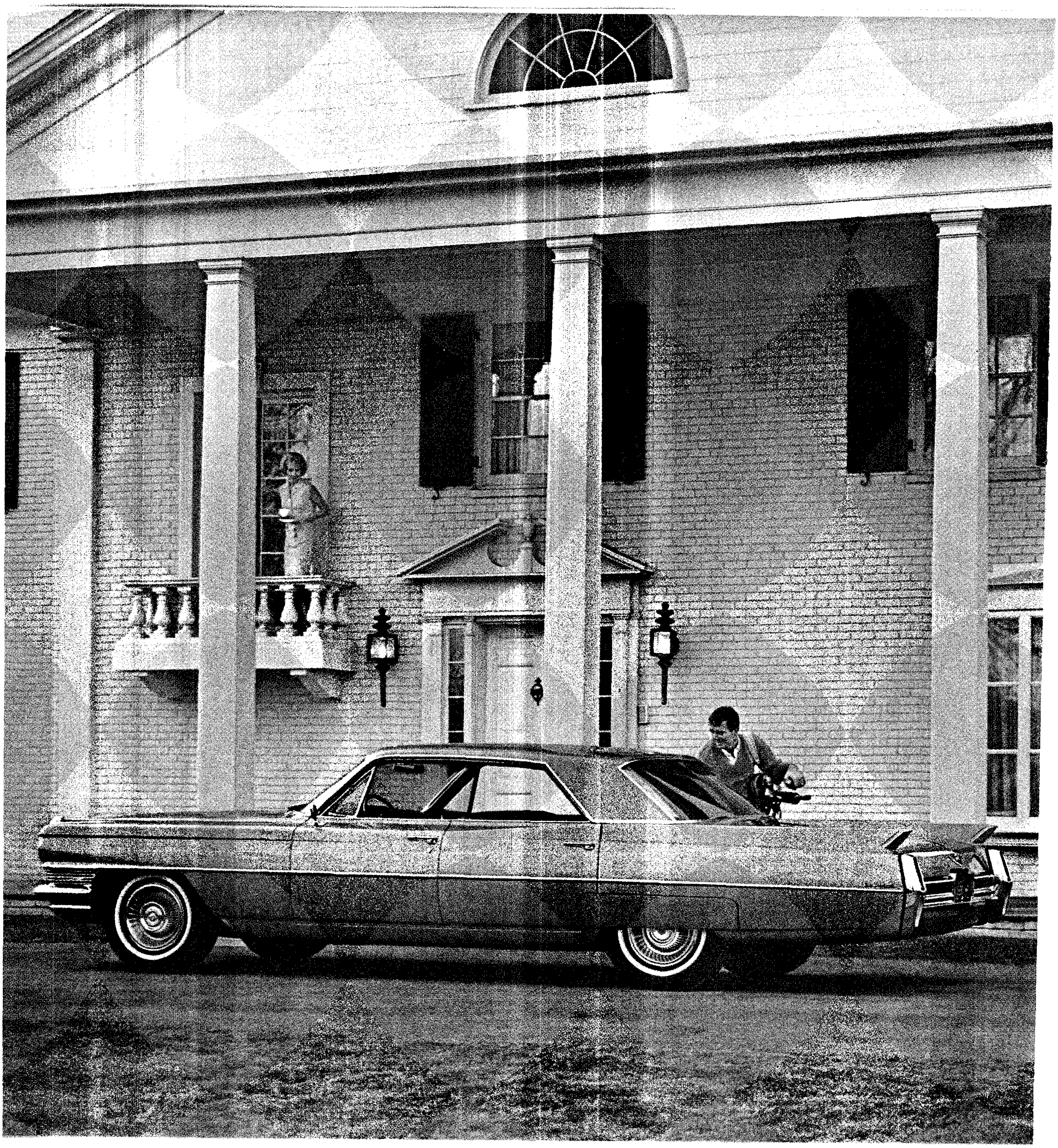

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Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation quite alone: "It is the Orestes-Iphigenia story, we see here, that Salinger all along had been trying to rewrite," Leslie Fiedler (himself much occupied with myth) prescribes for Salinger, "the account of a Fury-haunted brother redeemed by his priestess-sister." "He could become the best of our literary novelists," Norman Mailer prescribes for another author (as opposed, one wonders, to our *non*-literary novelists?), "if he could forget about style and go deeper into the literature of sex." (A "forgetting" and a "going deeper" that, *bien entendu*, Mailer himself has managed to achieve.)

A difficulty, however, in pitting the reviewer's imagination against the author's, in assuming that critics have an obligation to correct not merely, in Mr. Podhoretz's words, "the prevailing estimate of a book or a literary reputation" but the book itself, is that the relationship between writer and reviewer soon becomes a contest—and a contest, occasionally, of a highly personal sort. The book under review is not written as the reviewer would have written it; he begins to speculate as to what personal deficiency in the author could possibly account for this lapse. If the author has received widespread public recognition, the line of personal attack is clear: he has been corrupted by success in the mass media—and New Reviewers will go to enormous lengths to ferret out references to the author in *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, best-seller lists, and so on, in order to establish some kind of guilt by non-obscurity. More commonly, however, the reviewer's attack upon an author is quite direct—an allegation that his personality, particularly in its sexual and moral attitudes, must be somehow diseased. Alfred Chester, for example, confidently impugns Henry Miller's sexual prowess: "Miller, in fact, never makes his reader raise more than a blush and, more often than not, the blush is for Henry's delusions of grandeur." Leslie Fiedler, on the other hand, attempts psychoanalysis: "Finally, like his characters, Salinger is reconciled with everything but sex. . . ." And Edzia Weisberg impugns the personal competence not of the author but of previous reviewers: "Except for Middleton Murry, who for reasons all too transparent found 'Aaron's Rod' 'the greatest of Lawrence's novels,' and F. R. Leavis, who for reasons almost as transparent is extremely indulgent toward the novel, no one has ever considered either 'Aaron's Rod' or 'Kangaroo' successful." (To Miss Weisberg, perhaps, the reasons are transparent; the reader scarcely dares admit that he finds them opaque.) The reviewer hastens, however, to assure the reader that his *own* house is sexually and morally in order. "I just don't want to give up my skin," a reviewer informs us, in a rather tangential comment on a book under review. "It feels so good, especially in the sun or in the woods or in the sea or against another." And Mr. Podhoretz himself, in the essay "My Negro Problem—And Ours," while he admits that his own moral stand is not irreproachable, excludes the possibility that most other right-thinking people can be better off. Having outlined the violent and unhappy childhood that left him, to his dismay, with a residual fear and envy of Negroes, he begins to claim for his feelings a certain universality:

> This, then, is where I am; it is not exactly where I think all other white liberals are, but it cannot be so very far away either.

The pervasiveness, assurance, and self-congratulation of that "I" in "Doings and Undoings" and in the works of other New Reviewers lead occasionally to a highhandedness that is almost grotesque. Alfred Chester writes:

> I think I am precisely the man for whom serious modern novels *are* written, since I am one of the men they are written about. Look at four of the most influential novelists of the last twenty years. . . . By influential I mean, of course, that which has impact on the thinking of those capable of thinking, and this, at least in France, is without reference to sales or to the behavior patterns of beatniks and college students.

Having excluded "sales" (i.e., the buyers of books) and "college students" (i.e., some of the most avid readers of them) from the category of "those capable of thinking," Mr. Chester is naturally left with himself, the reviewer, as the man for and about whom "serious modern novels" are written. But one danger in the assumption that it is the reviewer who occupies the center of the literary universe is that he begins to regard everything about himself, however tangential to the book under review, as of universal interest and importance. "Nearly everyone I know would rather see a movie than read a book . . ." Mr. Chester writes. "And I count among my friends . . ." (And he counts among his friends, we may safely assume, Leslie Fiedler, whom Podhoretz notes as having said that "the sight of a group of new novels stimulates in *him* 'a desperate desire to sneak out to a movie.' ") Despite this tendency to express in criticism all the reviewer's little feelings and

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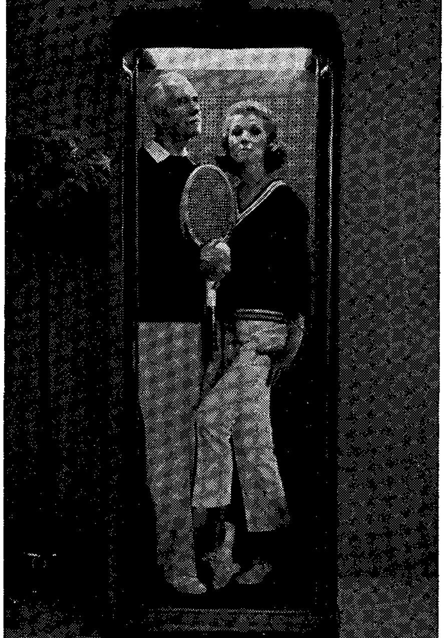

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preferences—his delight in movies, the predilections of his friends, the situations in which his skin feels good—New Reviewing personalities are not, in general, so idiosyncratic that a reader cannot find one quality they have in common:

Yet the truth is that the great national "debates" that the New York *Times* daily calls upon us to consider are invariably puerile from an intellectual point of view and far beneath the consideration of any sophisticated mind.

Showing up their weaknesses is child's play for a sophisticated critic.

Granted that painters and actors need not—indeed should not—be capable of discussing their respective arts with genuine sophistication, is it really necessary . . .

He is in the presence of a writer who is very sophisticated indeed and who therefore cannot possibly be as callow and sentimental . . .

Now, this black-and-white account, with the traditional symbolisms reversed, is not the kind of picture that seems persuasive to the sophisticated modern sensibility—the sensibility that has been trained by Dostoyevski and Freud, by Nietzsche and Kierkegaard, by Eliot and Yeats, to see moral ambiguity everywhere, to be bored by melodrama, to distrust the idea of innocence.

On the other hand, of course, there are equally sophisticated critics like Robert Brustein and Kenneth Tynan who have arrived at opposite conclusions, finding [Lenny] Bruce not . . .

Those who find Bergman profound and sophisticated (as if the artist who could move them deeply had to be a deep thinker) are very likely to find Satyajit Ray rather too simple.

Apart from its truth, I find this very refreshing indeed, because most of us are too sophisticated to have written it or thought it. . . . We all believe and know these things, but we fear that to say them out loud would be to evoke the superior smile.

What these passages (the first five by Mr. Podhoretz, the remaining three by assorted contributors to *Partisan Review* and *Commentary*) have in common is a keynote of sophistication—or, at any rate, the mention of the word. Sophistication, one gathers, is a quality lacking in *Times* editorial writers, illusory in Bergman films, absent in artists and actors talking about their work, present in Robert Brustein and Kenneth Tynan, and conditioned by Dostoevski, Freud, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Eliot, and Yeats (although in what sense Dostoevski can be said to train the modern sensibility to be bored by melodrama, or Nietzsche to see moral ambiguity everywhere, or Yeats to distrust the idea of innocence, is something that Mr. Podhoretz is too sophis-

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ticated to explain). Richard Chase points out the sophisticate's fear of evoking "the superior smile." The definite article is puzzling. *The* smile? Whose smile? Why, the communal smile of Norman Podhoretz, Alfred Chester, Lionel Abel, and the rest—the collective smile of the New Reviewing school.

And the stimulus for that sophisticated, perhaps not altogether winning smile is, when it is not the author of a literary work, none other than the reader, who is allowed occasionally to believe that he is in on an exclusive circuit secret but more often is reminded that he is hopelessly out—a child permitted to eavesdrop on the nocturnal conversation of his elders. No opportunity is lost to cast aspersions on the mind and the behavior of that child. "Who listens? Who cares?" Mr. Podhoretz inquires rhetorically, and he deplores the dwindling of "a reading public literate enough to understand a complicated exposition." Concern, in fact, about the mental calibre of a hypothetical reader slurred as middle-class, middle-brow—indeed, middle-everything—is so widespread that Fiedler professes himself disappointed because he cannot find a novel "which might have caught once and for all the pathos and silliness of middle-class, middle-brow intellectual aspiration;" and even the publisher of *Esquire* feels impelled to announce in his column that " 'The mindless dictatorship of the audience' was the most provocative single sentence uttered at Princeton during the entire *Response Weekend*." (Calling "the mindless dictatorship of the audience" a "sentence" is but one indication of the publisher's concern. In his anxiety over mindlessness, he neglects to parse.) "Is it really so difficult to tell a good action from a bad one?" Frank Kermode inquires in *Partisan Review*, and he answers with a ringing New Reviewing anti-Everyman cliché: "It would seem so, since most people appear to be wrong most of the time." "People like to think Eichmann mediocre," says Lionel Abel. "I think they also like the idea of Miss Arendt, implied by her subtitle, that evil can be banal. Perhaps they are flattered to believe that in the ordinary and dulling conduct of their lives they are at the very least doing something wrong." Here Mr. Abel delivers a threefold vote of no confidence in readers: with the carelessness of his grammar ("Miss Arendt" for "Miss Arendt's"); with the shakiness of his assumption (that the reader's conduct is any more "ordinary and dulling" than Mr. Abel's

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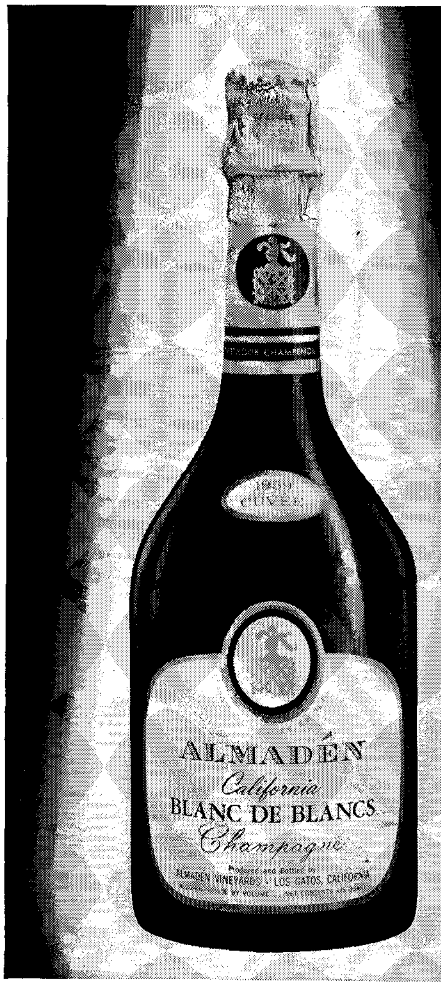

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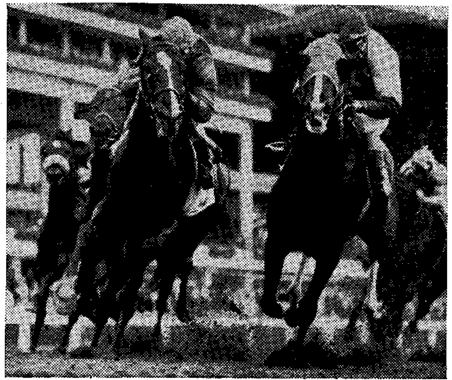

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own); and with the injustice of his insinuation (that the reader would accept the invalid-conversion fallacy—evil is banal, therefore banality is evil, as one might say all dogs are animals, therefore all animals are dogs—which Mr. Abel permits himself). Not merely readers, however—*everything* is on the wane. A New Reviewing Cassandra seems to have issued an encyclical announcing that the sky is falling—a conclusion that has travelled ever since, in slightly diluted form (as in the childhood game of "Whisper"), around the whole reviewing circle. "Is 'the sickness of our time' a literary hoax?" Benjamin DeMott inquires in *Harper's*. "Are the writers who call the present age a cesspool mistaking personal whiffiness for objective truth?" The questions are purely rhetorical; Mr. DeMott's answer, needless to say, is No.

The multiplication of commodities and the false standard of living, on the one hand, the complication of the economic and technical structure in which one can work at a job, on the other hand, and the lack of direct relationship between the two have by now made a great part of external life morally meaningless.

Thus, knotting unintelligibly together a few strands of defeatist cliché, George Steiner exemplifies both a prose style and a world view: Everything is bad, science and technology advance, moral values are in permanent eclipse, and there is no hope. (There is no syntax, either—only jargon to express the futility of it all.) "I . . . suppose, they talk about plot and character, style and setting," John Thompson speculates mournfully of the universities. "Maybe it is just too late."

This generalized cultural alarmism has created among the New Reviewers a forensic device that we might call not name- but catastrophe-dropping. Whenever a reviewer's exposition is in danger of disintegration, he simply mentions a calamity to distract the reader's attention (much as a member of a debating society might cry "Fire!" in a crowded auditorium when his argument is going badly). In his discussion of his Negro problem Mr. Podhoretz makes repeated reference to the *violence* of his feelings, as if in evidence of their universality. And Norman Mailer, inveighing querulously against modern architecture, has a comparable inspiration:

> That rough beast is a shapeless force, an obdurate emptiness, an annihilation of possibilities. It is totalitarianism: that totalitarianism which has haunted the twentieth century, haunted the efforts of intellectuals to define it, of politicians to

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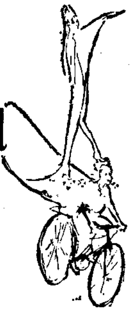

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...stand it, and of rebels to find a field of war where it could be given battle.

Totalitarianism. Haunted. Annihilation. Beast. The reader gasps. What has the analogy to do with modern architecture? Nothing. But Mr. Mailer is ready with another gambit: "Our modern architecture reminds me a little of cancer cells. Because the healthy cells of the lung have one appearance and those in the liver another. But if both are cancerous they tend to look a little more alike." What has cancer to do with architecture? What "sameness" is there between, say, Edward Stone and Le Corbusier? None. But the reader is meant to agree, in a state of typographical shock.

"I write the sentence, *six million innocent people were slaughtered*," Irving Howe writes in *Commentary*, "and for a person of adequate sensibilities may it not be as affecting as an embodiment in a conventional narrative?" Well, no, Mr. Howe, but it may give the illusion of shoring up a sickly argument. "It is dead. It is evil, like racial prejudice," Alfred Chester writes of the comedy of Vladimir Nabokov. "Less evil . . . were the Eichmann jokes making the rounds last year which mocked and trivialized the death of six million Jews—and which, nonetheless, even I and other Jews could laugh at." Racial prejudice. Dead. Evil. Eichmann. What relevance have they to the comedy of Vladimir Nabokov? None. They are simply a reviewer's form of literary demagoguery. Other devices on the same order are the frequent use of obscenity and a kind of strident excremental prose that masquerades as a perpetual assertion of manliness. Norman Mailer, for example, writes in a review, "A bad maggoty novel. Four or five half-great short stories were buried like pullulating organs in a corpse of fecal matter;" and Alfred Chester, addressing the author of a book on homosexuality, barks, "Better cut out all that ceaseless groping, Jack, and get down to work!"

Mr. Podhoretz, however, is seldom coarse or shrill. On the contrary, he seeks, by his own account, "a language in which it is possible to talk sensibly and with due proportion about new books." Here is Mr. Podhoretz arguing "sensibly and with due proportion" about the works of John Updike:

> His short stories—which I usually find myself throwing away in disgust before I can get to the end—strike me as all windup and no delivery.

How Mr. Podhoretz can detect the "delivery" if he throws stories away

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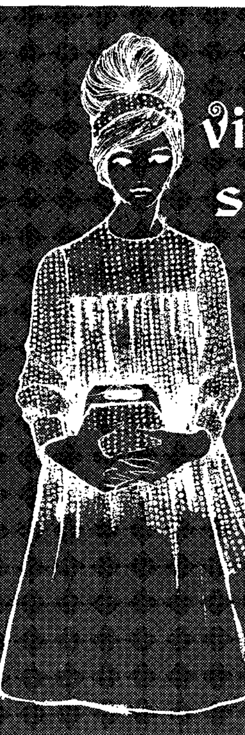
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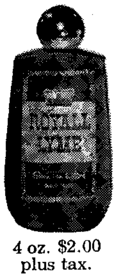
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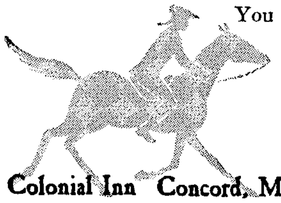
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"before I can get to the end" is a problem that he seems not to have posed himself. Nor need he bother to pose it, for although there may be considerable discussion among those in the milieu, there is little dialectic, and arguments of extraordinary inventiveness are permitted to flourish unchallenged. The warm, permissive climate of the New Reviewing is sealed protectively against all intellectual discipline, and it has managed to foster in comfort a whole new genre of fallacy. Lionel Abel, for example, in disagreeing with Hannah Arendt about Adolf Eichmann, takes an argument of Miss Arendt's own, treats it as his, and arrives at a new form of argument altogether, a kind of preëmptive bid—agreement-as-refutation: "Is there any contradiction between being morally monstrous and also comical?" he asks. "I am inclined to think that there is none, that anyone who considers the comical traits of Iago and Richard III must be of my opinion." Precisely, and of Miss Arendt's as well—but one must concede Mr. Abel the novelty of his argument; he simply restates, in less subtle terms, what Miss Arendt has said, and expects her to cry "*Touchée!*"

"On the subject of Trotsky," Lionel Abel writes, in another article, "Mr. Kazin exhibits a harshness, intemperateness, and insensitivity which he does not show at all in responding to Herman Melville's Captain Ahab. And this is all the more striking to me since everything Mr. Kazin has to say against Trotsky could be said with equal or greater force against Melville's hero." This appears to be some sort of art/reality interchange, whereby everything that can be said against Mr. Abel can probably be said with equal or greater force against Dogberry. We might call it, perhaps, the argument-from-socio-critical-ineptitude.

Alfred Chester, on the other hand, touches all the forensic bases, and doffs his cap at every one:

> So *Tropic of Cancer*, says I, isn't a great book. So? There is a consolation prize, however, think of what pleasure it is to disagree with Karl Shapiro. And what pleasure it is to disagree with that long and laudatory list of eminent names that appears on the dust jacket like a list of vitamins and minerals: Eliot, Pound, Durrell, Anaïs Nin, Orwell, etc. And what pleasure to disagree also with the whole of the beat generation and their sycophants who have learned from Miller . . . *to posture at revolutions that* even *Time* Magazine approves of.

This passage, despite its strange, uncertain irony, calls into being the argument-from-the-stature-of-the-people-with-whom-one-disagrees.

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And, finally, Mr. Podhoretz himself has argued in *Show* that if two authors "had really wanted to give us a profile of the art of acting, rather than a profile of the practitioners themselves, they would have tried to induce these people to talk candidly about each other's work instead of about their own lives and careers." The argument that a book is improved when its subjects "talk candidly about each other's work" is—"for reasons," as Miss Weisberg would say, "all too transparent"—a characteristically New Reviewing prescription. "Hamlet," Mr. Podhoretz says in the same piece, "would exist without John Gielgud to play him, but would the heroine of 'Sweet Bird of Youth' have existed without Geraldine Page? For me, the fact that I can't remember her name is answer enough." Answer enough, perhaps, for Mr. Podhoretz. The reader may detect the birth of the argument-from-personal-amnesia.

It is hardly necessary to go on citing instances of the inexhaustible variety of argument along the reviewing circuit. There are signs, in any case, that the cloud (catastrophe-droppers might say "the *mushroom* cloud") is passing. Or, in purely mechanical terms, there are beginning to be some short circuits in the New Reviewing system. Steven Marcus, in *The New York Review*, crosses three wires (anti-Everyman cliché, reviewer centrality, and catastrophe-dropping), with this result:

> It is almost as if for three hundred years the literature of Western culture had not, so to speak, conducted a campaign to demonstrate that the middle class family is about as close as we have come to achieving hell on earth.

"The literature of Western culture," as represented by Henry James, Thomas Mann, and Jane Austen—to name authors of but three nationalities—has conducted no such "campaign." Mr. Marcus has confused "the literature of Western culture" with the expository

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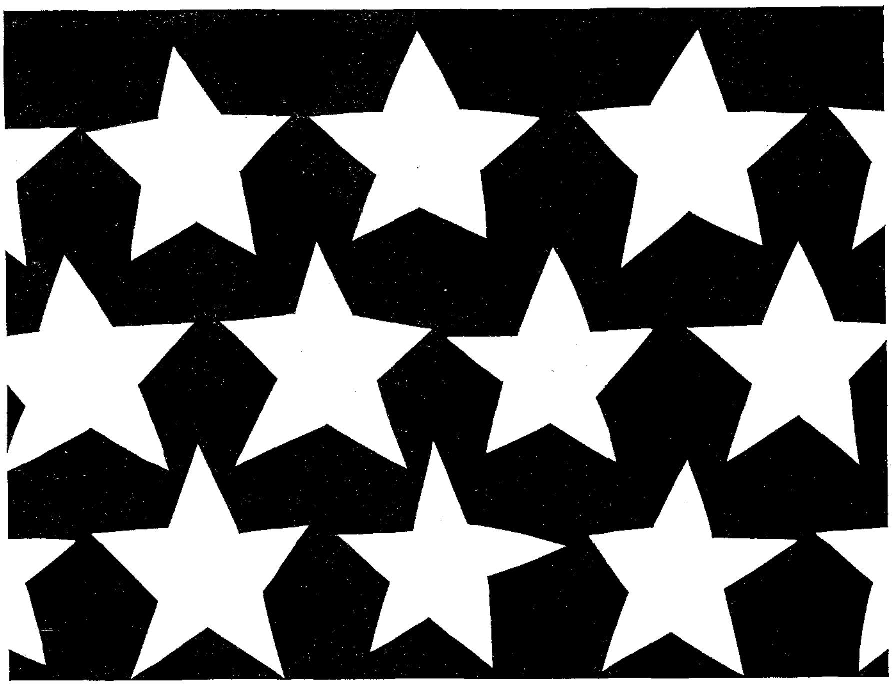

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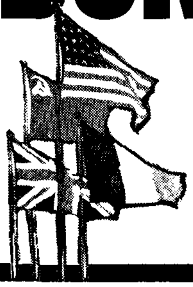

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Man of One's Time

One of the great debates of modern times – most often discussed in literary circles but actually having far broader implications – is whether one should be *engagé* or *dégagé,* whether to participate in the affairs of men or to be a bystander, whether to be involved or deliberately uninvolved.

The question may be in good part academic because we are all involved willy-nilly. Still, how we choose to be involved is up to each of us individually. Surely to be men of our time, to be alive in the fullest sense of the word, implies a willingness not only to stand up and be counted but also to engage in some activity in which we believe.

At the risk of sounding pompous, may we suggest investing? The usual motive for buying securities is, of course, to make money, and we're all for that. But owning shares in American business also implies that the investor is willing to run a risk in order to have a stake in the future of our capitalistic system. There is no reason why profit and principle should not coincide.

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writing of Norman Podhoretz, Leslie Fiedler, Lionel Abel, and the rest of the New Reviewing school.

ONE can view Mr. Podhoretz as an exponent of a group program only because, in his polemic, or "Undoings," he insistently invites one to do so, and because (aside from an ill-informed and poorly reasoned piece on Hannah Arendt and his well-intentioned but poorly reasoned essay on the Negro problem, both of which have a kind of negative fascination) the "Undoings" have no interest *except* as examples of a school of critical writing. And the principles that unite the New Reviewing school are—if it is possible to call them "principles" at all—an elaborate system of cross-references that amounts to mutual coattail-hanging; a stale liberalism gone reactionary in anti-Everyman snobbery and defeatist cliché; a false intellectualism that is astonishingly shabby in its arguments; a hostile imperiousness toward fiction that results in near megalomania on the part of expository writers; and a withering condescension toward authors and readers that finds expression in a strident tendency to shout the opposition down. The New Reviewing is, more generally, a pastiche of attitudes and techniques vying to divert the attention of the reader from the book ostensibly under review to the personality of the reviewer, striving intrusively and valiantly to hold the line against the arts. And the "Undoings" in this collection are, for the most part, models of New Reviewing principle.

In the essays, however, in which Mr. Podhoretz is least interesting as a member of, or spokesman for, something—in his "Doings," in short—Mr. Podhoretz does manage to assert himself as a genuine critic. Most of these "Doings" are included in a section called "Traditions"—non-topical, non-polemical, even non-controversial essays—and they are the considered, sympathetic works of a young man more interested in interpreting books than in pitting himself against them. There are not enough of them to constitute a volume of three hundred and seventy-one pages, but they are evidence that the critical writings of Norman Podhoretz may yet result in a worthwhile collection. —RENATA ADLER

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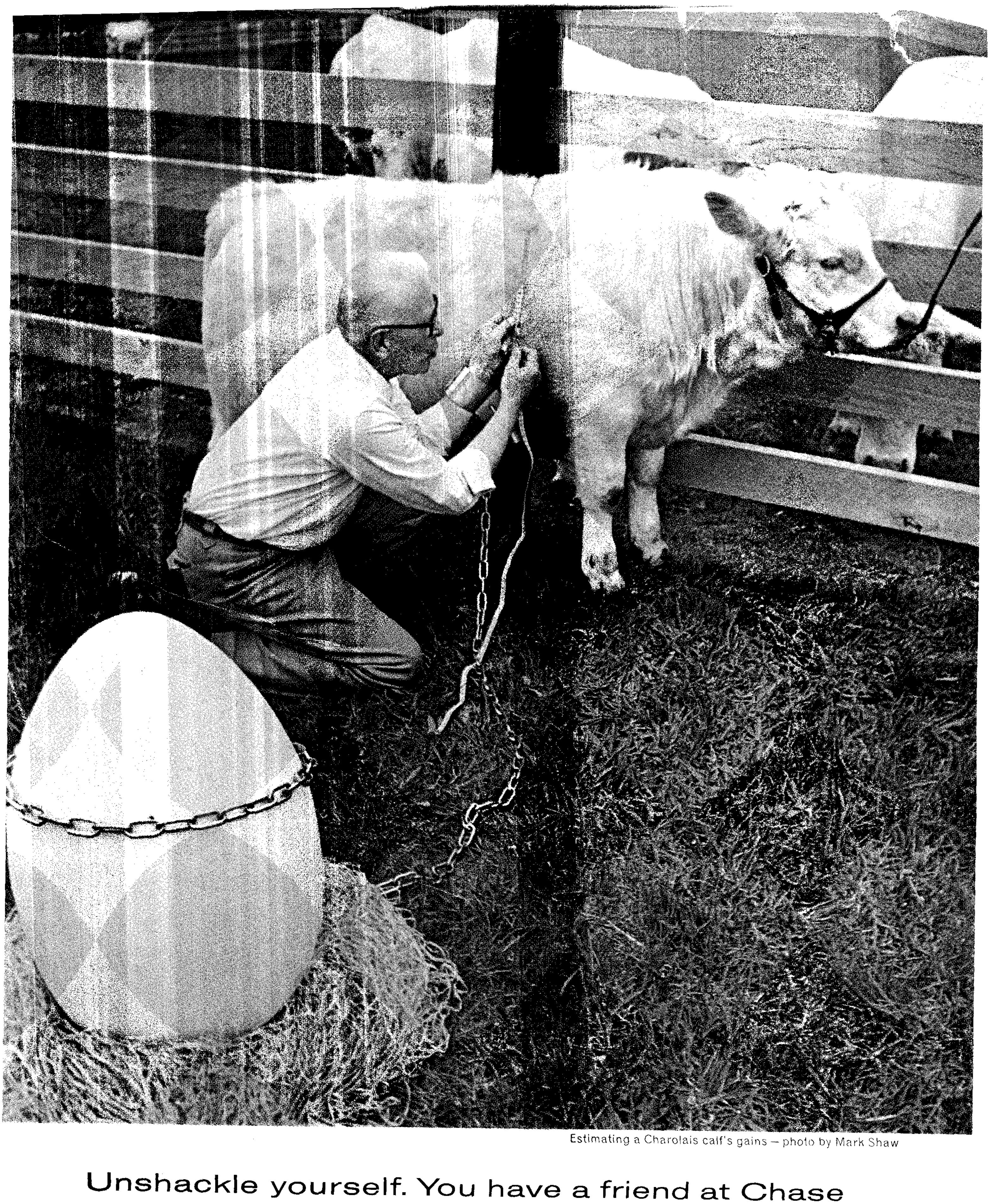

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